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NOTES OF THE WEEK

POLITICALLY the week has been a quiet one at home, with the Naval Conference producing confused noises off-stage, and the Ministerial orchestra tuning up for the Budget performance next week. A debate on slums failed to explain why the more we talk about abolishing slums in the towns, the more slums we see in both town and country; the housing situation may be politically satisfactory, but, broadly speaking, the people are worse housed now than twenty years ago.

The real event of the week in domestic politics has been in Downing Street, where a new Free Trade union of Labour and Liberals has been arranged, with the active co-operation of Mr. Snowden, Mr. Lloyd George and the professing Cobdenites of both parties. In this case the

Liberal tail will presumably wag the Labour dog, probably for the last time; and all the old familiar stuff about big loaves and little loaves will be trotted out again. Even offal, which Mr. Lloyd George introduced on the political menu twenty years ago, may serve to tickle our palates again.

Ignorance, no doubt, can swallow most things when served up with rhetorical sauce. But the case for Free Trade has, in fact, gone, and Labour not merely knows it, but has admitted it. The Labour agricultural policy, which is now being definitely put forward by Mr. Buxton, is, in fact, Protection under another name.

If the British farmer is guaranteed both the price and the purchase of his wheat, as the Labour Government propose, the Free Traders may rage as they like and the economists blaspheme, but the Corn Laws are back again and not all Mr. Lloyd George's banners of the dawn can disguise the fact. The guarantee, the price, and the quota

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are all open to debate and discussion; but together they constitute a policy of Protection and taxation of food.

There is, of course, no intentional dishonesty in the position, but the fact is that Labour is being manœuvred by the Liberals into a position in which it will have to face both ways, and its sincerity will be open to damaging assault. It will never, never, never tax the food of the people, and will denounce that devilish policy of the wicked Tories up hill and down dale with all the fervour of Bright and Cobden. But it will, nevertheless, give the farmer what is, in effect, a subsidy and a guaranteed price for his product; and who will pay that subsidy if not the taxpayer, which, stripped of platform verbiage, is "the people"?

This is, in effect, the Safeguarding of Agriculture. When Mr. Baldwin mentions the idea, he is denounced as a food-taxer. When Lord Beaverbrook advocates it he is ridiculed as a stunt merchant. But when Mr. Buxton adopts it, he is the shining light of the new dawn, which brings peace and happiness to the villages and secures the prosperity of the countryside. This is all very well, but it is difficult to have things both ways, and Labour is trying to be Codlin as well as Short.

It is time that the Tories woke up to this fact. Mr. Baldwin has made two speeches this last week, genial, hopeful, but too general in content to carry the party any further; Lord Beaverbrook has also made two speeches. They contained nothing new—it would be difficult for him to do so, since he is, in fact, familiarizing different parts of the country with his policy—but one of them marked a new departure which is of interest.

Lord Beaverbrook is appealing specifically to youth, and nobody over twenty-five is admitted to his meetings. In his methods, as in his policy, he is the direct opposite of his late but transient ally, Lord Rothermere, who is doubtful whether anybody under thirty should have the vote at all. Tudor Street, with the portentous gravity of middle-age, distrusts the rising generation; Shoe Lane calls the sportsmen and the flappers to its counsels.

It seems that they have responded with enthusiasm, for I have received accounts of almost lyrical enthusiasm from those who were there as to the effect produced by Lord Beaverbrook. He is not by nature an eloquent speaker, and when I last heard him five or six years ago I was more impressed by the content than the manner of what he said. But his obvious sincerity and disinterestedness in the present campaign have evidently triumphed over his technical defects as an orator, and in emphasizing his contrast with Lord Rothermere by appealing to youth I think he has struck the right note.

The new German Government has made an auspicious beginning, thanks very largely to the support of President von Hindenberg and to the politicians' fear of a dictatorship. The most significant aspect, however, of the voting in the

Reichstag was the fact that Herr Hugenberg was unable to persuade the Nationalists to oppose the Government, and it was to this that the latter's unexpectedly large majority was due.

It is always dangerous to prophesy as to the future of German politics, but there are definite grounds for hoping that the attitude of the Nationalists may be taken to imply a less extreme policy in the future. If that is so, we may see the revival of the old blue-black *bloc* of pre-war days, with the result that Germany will become a Conservative Republic in which the Socialists will be perpetually in opposition.

The return of Mr. Cosgrave to power will be welcomed by every friend of the Irish Free State. The debate in the Dail showed the Republicans to be as bankrupt of ideas as ever, and though Labour certainly increased its reputation it can never hope to win a majority in a nation of smallholders. In short, Mr. Cosgrave is the only possible alternative to Mr. Cosgrave, and he is likely to remain so for the present.

On the other hand, the grouping of parties in the Irish Free State is quite artificial, and dates from the fight over the Treaty. Sooner or later the line of division is bound to be simply between Right and Left, with the result that the former will generally be in power. Political memories, however, are long on the other side of St. George's Channel, and it may well be many years before party programmes correspond with existing facts.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Conservative ex-Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. T. Kennedy, Chief Labour Whip, have clearly been studying Sir David Chadwick's recent memorandum on Empire trade. Seizing on one summary conclusion, both tell us that the trade of the Empire with foreign countries is about three times as great as that between Empire countries themselves. And this in spite of sentiment and preferences. The deduction is obvious, but it is also false. The trade referred to combines imports and exports, with imports hundreds of millions sterling against Great Britain alone. British trade with the Empire has declined in volume 9 per cent. since 1913; with the rest of the world 30 per cent. Inter-Empire trade suffered a serious set-back when the Labour Government of 1924 jettisoned the preference arrangement of 1923, and the Conservatives dare not revive it.

Take Australia: if the 1923 scheme had gone through, there would have been an immense expansion in primary production, making settlement comparatively easy, with relief to our unemployed, and, incidentally, saving Australia from the economic difficulties responsible for the crushing Scullin-Theodore Tariff. Or take British Columbia and its apples rotting in the orchards because California was able to continue to dump its surplus on the British market at less than the cost of production. Or take the West Indies with its sugar. The difference prosperity in these instances alone would make to British manufacturing business would be enormous. The marvel is not that British Empire trade is not better but that it is so good.

Sir Eyre Hutson, who knows the West Indies intimately, has come to the same conclusion as the SATURDAY REVIEW. In our leader last week we suggested that the way out for the Caribbean colonies is incorporation with the Dominion of Canada. Sir Eyre Hutson, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, recommends that the West Indies should combine to seek the permission of His Majesty's Government to petition Canada to accept them as Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. No doubt His Majesty's Government would welcome the chance of being thus well rid of troublesome relatives.

The first effects of the death of General Primo de Rivera are already making themselves felt in Spain, and a party has been formed to carry out his programme. More significant still is the announcement that an admirer has bought the furniture of the room in which he died in Paris, with a view to its exhibition in Barcelona, and probably in other Spanish cities as well.

In short, the dead dictator seems to be well on the way to becoming as much of a legend in the Peninsula as Lenin is in Russia, and when the elections for the Cortes do take place, it is more than likely that the only candidates who will have a chance of being returned will be those who promise to support the policy that is associated with his name. If ever a man was *felix opportunitate mortis*, it was General Primo de Rivera.

An almost similar state of affairs exists in another great Spanish-speaking country—the Argentine—though there the idolization of the master has begun while he is yet alive. President Irogoyen has increased his hold upon the House of Deputies at the recent elections, in spite of the large Socialist vote in the capital itself, and it is significant of his popularity that his candidates adopt no other label than that of *personalistas*.

In these circumstances it is eloquent of the growing tension between the Argentine and the United States that President Irogoyen should have begged to be excused from speaking to Mr. Hoover on the telephone the other day at the opening of the direct service between Washington and Buenos Aires, while he still refrains from appointing an ambassador to the United States, where the Argentine has only been represented by a *chargé d'affaires* for over two years.

The Soviet has decided that scientists in Russia must be sound Communists or quit; a typically foolish decision which is likely to make bad scientists or bad Bolsheviks, or both. Physics and chemistry are not in the least concerned with politics, and the laws of mathematics are the same in Moscow as in London. But perhaps the Soviet, having abolished God, now intends to reform Nature.

Most countries, of course, have passed through this teething stage of religious or political tests, and the more they try to get away from it, the more the Russians follow the medieval theory of Europe. When humanity is dressed in its little brief authority, it seems to have an inherent

distrust of truth; but it is odd that men should find the argument for toleration so hard to learn.

It sounds very efficient and hustling to form a society to abolish superfluous courtesy in business, but personally I doubt its use or advantage. It may well be that we all waste three or four minutes a day in saying "Good morning," which is economically unnecessary and climatically often inaccurate, but these salutations do not in fact consume much time or physical energy, and they probably have more than merely formal uses in social and even commercial intercourse.

Trivial in themselves, these things enable the parties to take stock of each other. The caller may conclude from an unusually gruff salutation that the respondent is not in a forthcoming mood, and decide that a proposition which might have appealed a week ago or a week later is out of the question to-day, perhaps for some theoretically irrelevant but practically important reason. Business is not simply a matter of exchange and mart, but of mood and choice, and the small change of courtesies are pointers which show how the wind blows. It may well be that they save rather than waste time in the long run.

The Classical Association seems to have the best of good fortune in its Presidents—either men of affairs like Mr. Baldwin, or men of letters. Dr. Temple's address strikes an unfamiliar but pleasing note in its exaltation of Lucretius and Catullus over Virgil—Tacitus he approves, but not as a model for writers of Latin of a later age who must write the Latin of their time. But the great Greeks remain the model and despair of us all.

The figures of increased production of various staple commodities which have recently been published are convincing evidence of the general progress of world-industry. In the old days the world was never very far from famine, which was usually followed by plague; but the situation is now reversed, and we are suffering from a surplus if not a surfeit in various directions. Hence the recent fall in prices, which apparently have not yet touched bottom.

There are faint but unmistakable signs of a revulsion against the new style of war books which have been all the rage for a year past. That is as it should be, for they were neither great literature nor true to life as a rule. On the whole they were read less by grizzled veterans than by young ladies who liked being shocked by stories of strong drink and strong language at secondhand.

It was a change from what the trade called Sheik-stuff, which was itself a revulsion from the Sentimental Tommy style, which was itself a novelty after strong silent men, gods in the car, and other sternly masculine types that delighted and thrilled the feminine readers of thirty years ago. So the clock of fashionable fiction goes round, and every generation worships the idols of its fathers under the delusion that they have discovered something new.

A NAVAL HALF-HOLIDAY

IT is now abundantly clear that whatever else may result from the deliberations of the Naval Conference, there will be no Five-Power Pact of the type that was so confidently anticipated by the supporters of the Government three months ago. Within a few days the inevitable autopsy will be made by the Press and public of the leading countries of the world, passions and prejudices which have been held in check for patriotic reasons will be given full play, and amid the resulting welter of conflicting recriminations and congratulations it will not be easy to arrive at the truth. For the moment, however, the voice of faction is still hushed, and in the silence of the death-chamber of the dying Conference it is possible to weigh its career in the balance.

For our part we are not among those who maintain that the Conference has left the state of international politics worse than it found it, or that it would have been better for this country had it never met at all, and we would remind those Conservatives who hold this view that had Mr. Baldwin been victorious at the polls last May the Conference would still have been held. In the first place it has clarified the issues at stake between the five leading Powers, and in the second it will almost certainly result in a *modus vivendi* between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, that will benefit the taxpayers of all three nations. That costly anachronism, the battleship, has in practice, if not yet in theory, been condemned, and there will obviously be a lull in general warship construction for the next five years. There has also been an agreement to humanize submarine warfare, though, with the history of the Declaration against the use of gas at the Hague Conference of 1899 still fresh in our minds, we confess ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the value of this particular decision. Nevertheless, just as half a loaf is proverbially better than no bread, so a naval half-holiday is better than no holiday at all; and if, as seems almost certain to be the case, Great Britain can for a few years feel that she has nothing to fear from Washington and Tokyo, the Conference has clearly not been held in vain.

It is more than a little unfortunate that the relations between this country and the United States should so often be discussed in an atmosphere of sentimentality that is little short of maudlin, but it is to be hoped that the establishment of the principle of naval parity will convince Washington that we in Great Britain do mean what we say in spite of the flowery verbiage of our spokesmen. The naval strength of the United States is her concern, not ours, and if she desires parity with this country we have now shown that we shall not stand in her way, though her geographical situation makes it doubtful if she will ever enjoy actual parity in fact. Japan, too, has secured most of what she desired, and in any case her defensive position is so strong that she can afford to be generous. In effect, the non-European naval problems of Great Britain have been considerably simplified by the Conference, and that in itself is something.

On the other hand, it would be idle to pretend that the disclosure of French ambitions has not alarmed public opinion in this country. Our

neighbours already possess the most formidable land and air armaments in Europe, and in these circumstances the revival of their sea power is sufficiently disquieting. It may be that the new French cruisers and submarines are solely designed for the protection of Tahiti and Indo-China, and for preventing the return of Italian reservists from the Americas, but there can be no disguising the fact that they would also come in uncommonly useful for blockading the British Isles and for shelling the towns on the South Coast. We are in no way influenced by Gallophobe sentiments, but M. Tardieu's refusal even to consider parity with Italy, who is willing to disarm to any extent provided only that France does likewise, makes it difficult to believe that the French armaments are not in reality primarily directed against this country. Rightly or wrongly the British public is coming to the conclusion that the Conference is likely to mark the end of the Entente, and if such does prove to be the case the blame will lie very largely with M. Tardieu and M. Briand, for attempting to force Great Britain to choose between an armament race and a security Pact, which would bind her more closely than ever to the chariot-wheels of France. Signor Mussolini, on the other hand, has shown himself to be both a patriotic Italian and a good European, and his reputation as a statesman, as well as that of Signor Grandi, has risen considerably.

The fact, however, that the Conference has achieved a certain measure of success does not mean that it constitutes a triumph for the diplomacy of the Prime Minister. Indeed, what has been achieved has been rather in spite of his bungling than because of his skill. Ever since the adoption by the Chamber of the *Statut Naval* it has been obvious that the key to naval disarmament was to be found in an agreement with France, and yet Mr. MacDonald sought it at Washington. When Sir Austen Chamberlain, as a prelude to negotiations with the United States, endeavoured to come to an understanding with Paris, he was made the object of a most unprincipled campaign of abuse on the part of the Socialists and the Liberals. The Prime Minister's failure has shown that Sir Austen's policy was the right one, but the suspicions of France have now been roused to such an extent that an agreement will be infinitely more difficult in the future than it would have been a few months ago. We do not say that the conclusion of a Five-Power Pact would have been easy in any circumstances, in view of the French attitude, but there can be no shadow of doubt that Mr. MacDonald's original blunder in going to Washington instead of to Paris, his repeated "gestures" that awoke no response elsewhere, and his inordinate vanity, have rendered it impossible.

THE REAL INDIAN PROBLEM

THE problem of Indian Government becomes more rather than less complex. Mr. Gandhi has broken the law and remains free. His followers have broken the same law and are under arrest.

Simultaneously, however, a second issue has arisen. A Royal Commission has lately investi-

gated the relations of the Princes of India with the Paramount Power. Its investigations have provoked the plain expression of grievances not hitherto definitely formulated, and it is clear that the Princes, now stirred to assert their rights, will not acquiesce in the Commission's report. They too claim a greater independence and are not prepared to admit that even a Viceroy can be both prosecutor and judge in their case.

Add yet a further complication. Since the politicians of British India and the rulers of the Indian States are each claiming increased authority in their respective spheres, the effective unity of India must sooner or later come to depend on the nature of their relationship to one another. Such is the triple issue which will confront the Round Table Conference in the autumn.

The view is widely current that the Conference will result in an agreement and that Britain's part will be limited to paving the way for it by the ready concession of Dominion Status. We conceive this view to be utterly mistaken. Dominion Status is not an incantation to be uttered by Britannia with a wave of her wand as the prelude to a transformation scene. It is the outward symbol of a conscious unity which India herself must achieve. Even in the Dominions, where social structure is infinitely simpler than that of India, it has not proved easy of achievement. Long and acrimonious controversies, even civil war itself, has been part of the price paid for it. But at long last the lesson of mutual toleration and mutual interdependence has been learnt. Who dare say that it has yet been learnt in India?

The elements that make up the complex of Indian life are as little coherent as were the elements of a feudal State in medieval Europe. There the strong hand of an overlord was required to hold them together and there, too, the overlord was sometimes a foreigner. Those divisions which first invited the British to intervene in Indian affairs and in the end have made the British Crown their supreme regulator, are still persistent and deep—witness the steady organization of the minorities with a view to their proper representation at the Conference. Nor must it be supposed that the Princes, for all their rightful pride in their dignity, have it in mind themselves to lay down the terms which shall govern their relations either with the Crown or with British India.

It will not be long now before the Simon Report produces in British India difficulties, inherent in the very nature of its material, parallel to those which the Butler Report has produced in the Indian States. We are far from saying that either Report, and least of all the unpublished Report, must be taken as it stands. But we are still further from saying that either Report must be regarded as a mere preliminary to discussion to be pushed aside when the Conference gets to business. On the contrary we are of opinion that whatever business is done will result from the initiative, and maybe from the final decision of the British members and we are sure that they will not lightly ignore the opinions of trusted and competent investigators. The clear lead must be given if India is not to drift towards anarchy. It cannot come from India, because India speaks with palpably discordant voices. It can and must come from Britain.

EMPIRE ECONOMIC CONFUSION—I

BY SIR BENJAMIN MORGAN

THE public mind of the Empire has never perhaps been in a more confused condition in regard to the future of intra-Empire economic co-operation than it is to-day, notwithstanding unparalleled expressions of good will, and readiness on the part of the Dominions and Colonies to find a way to do something more practical to translate friendly sentiment into material mutual help in trade and industry. To clarify this confusion will take a long time, and that will be a dangerous time for the unity of the Empire.

In the Great War the Empire achieved an amazing unity. Britain was in peril; democratic government was menaced; the freedom of the seas, on which the Dominions and Colonies depended for their existence, was endangered; the personal liberty of every subject of the King's realm was at stake. These dangers moved the people of the Empire spontaneously to a common effort.

Then followed the signing of peace at Versailles, and as readily as the overseas Empire shouldered the burden of war so did they promptly and without equivocation impose on themselves and future generations to follow them, enormous burdens of war debts. To-day, for example, the war debt of Australia, with six and a half million people, is over five hundred million pounds, a sum far greater than was the National Debt of the United Kingdom, with its forty-six million people, when war broke out. That fact is worth bearing in mind in view of what is happening now.

Versailles was followed by the Paris Economic Conference, at which the Prime Minister of the Imperial Coalition Government safeguarded the rights of the British Empire to make any reciprocal trade arrangements thought desirable.

Then there were the recommendations of the Dominions' Royal Commission, strongly supporting the principle of preference, and in 1919 Great Britain adopted preference and gave one-sixth rebate to the overseas Empire on all duties on tea, coffee, cocoa, wines, spirits, sugar, dried fruits, tobacco, etc., and one-third rebate on all McKenna Duties imposed during the war.

Then came a Labour Government into office, reducing certain duties and proportionately the preferences they carried. Following came a Conservative Government, reinstating the duties with their preferences, and stabilizing the preferences at their money value for a period of ten years—so long as the money value equalled the gross amount of the duties. In turn again came the present Labour Government, expressing disapproval of preferences and threatening to abolish all food duties with their preferences.

Mr. Snowden also expressed the intention of wiping out the safeguarding duties and possibly the McKenna duties, the latter, so far as Canada is concerned, being of vital importance to her motor-car exports. All these duties and preferences were achieving their main object of enormously increasing Empire production without raising the cost to the consumer by one penny piece. Little wonder is it that producers at home and overseas should become dispirited, and that the public mind of the Empire should be confused and disquieted at all this uncertainty of treatment, due largely to party political intrigue and manipulation.

Many men of affairs were calling public attention to the gravity of the situation, but all proposals for using the tariff as a means of economic defence and development were blocked by Britain's policy of free imports. Then came the Empire Crusade of Lord Beaverbrook, which roused every class of people in the United Kingdom to the gravity of the economic position of

the Empire, setting out a clear and simple formula on which we could combine as a great world-wide unit, to bring prosperity to all the British peoples, namely, Empire Free Trade, with a tariff or toll on foreign goods using our markets.

It was inevitable that such a proposal should be received with the sneers and jeers of the party politicians, whose futile expedients and moth-eaten shibboleths have brought this country and the overseas Empire to their present deplorable industrial condition—those gifted amateurs whose only remedy for industrial depression is "increased research" and "industrial reorganization," not realizing that these costly measures can never regenerate industry unless secure home markets, i.e., Empire markets, are first provided. Our economic history since the war has shown the utter failure of party political government to deal with the nation's economic affairs.

Economic defence in these days of "peace pacts" and "covenants" is probably more important than military and naval defence. At the present time, against economic penetration and control we are utterly defenceless, and this is so because industry, trade and Empire questions are made the subject of party politics of the most unscrupulous character.

When Empire free trade was launched what did one hear from sources of political wisdom? From *The Times* downwards the first opinion was "Whatever its merits or demerits—it is impracticable." For what reasons? That the Dominions and Colonies had protective and revenue tariffs which they would not abandon. This, of course, was all very superficial. Empire free trade is a perfectly practical proposition "within our time," but not immediately attainable. When *The Times* speaks of "naval disarmament" it means nothing of the kind, but rather what is practical in that direction.

Lord Melchett is President of the Empire Economic Union—a body of business men who are probing the extent to which the Empire can be made one vast economic unit. He combines the whole idea of Empire free trade with a system of rationalization of industries, under which he would secure a better distribution of the men and machines of industry throughout the Empire, planted where they would most economically flourish. For this purpose, as well as that of revenue, inter-Empire tariffs would be necessary, but the vast majority of inter-Empire tariff items would entirely disappear.

Then it was inevitable that the proposal to tax foreign food importations would provide party capital in our present effete system of Government. "Your food will cost you more." Men of both "free-trade" parties can use such a cry without straining their intellectual capacity. It is part of the gospel of "cheapness" which is rapidly turning our workers into hewers of wood and drawers of water for foreign countries, replacing highly trained technicians and skilled workmen by merchants, brokers, commission agents, forwarding agents, warehousemen, porters and carriers of other nations' goods.

But what are the facts about food taxes? Taking the average for the past ten years, food in Great Britain has been dearer than in most of the principal countries having food taxes. If space permitted I could give the figures that would convince any business man—though not necessarily a party politician. To fail to convince the voters of this country that the dear food cry is the merest humbug and vote-catching device, is to pass a judgment of futility on democratic government by the party system.

It is not possible in a brief article of this kind even to summarize those political events, movements and advocacies that have produced the present confused state of mind and lack of confidence in the leadership of the Mother Country which is growing in the overseas Empire, but here is an example of such an injurious

statement by a responsible member of the present Government—Mr. T. Kennedy—Chief Government Whip—at a meeting of the Social Democratic Federation a few days ago:

The trend of the economic life of the Empire had been influenced less by racial or Imperial considerations than by purely business motives and interests. Was this likely to be changed in the future by any such expedient as Imperial preference or political appeals to maintain the unity of the Empire? . . . They searched in vain for any evidence of any tendency towards co-operative rather than competitive industrial relations between the various parts of the Empire. A tariff wall would not guarantee the future life of the British Empire, and for us here in Great Britain the only hope of survival and betterment of our social conditions lay in the co-operative national organization of our own natural resources and productive machinery.

After reading such a statement and others by responsible members of the Imperial Government, it is little wonder that the overseas communities of the Empire should ask in despair, "Where do we stand in the British Empire?"

To save the political unity of the Empire, and to bring prosperity again to the great primary and secondary industries of the Empire we must have a common economic policy based on the maximum measure of Empire reciprocity that can be obtained, and in another article I propose briefly to outline some of the practical steps that I believe, as a result of many years of enquiry and investigation, can be taken to this end.

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

BY MAURICE GRIFFITHS

THE recent mania among certain motorists for racing the famous Blue Train has caused a motor manufacturer to assert that "in thirty years the railways will be obsolete." Any modern car can beat an express train over a long distance given a good road, and when light cars become almost universal it would certainly appear that the public will cease to travel in the old way.

Already, it is argued, motor coaches have proved a serious rival to the railways, and when, in the not far distant future, England is intersected with specially constructed arterial roads on which fast one-way motor traffic will be run at the speeds of the best trains, there will be nothing left for the railways to carry but coal and heavy materials.

It would appear a sorry outlook for the railways were it a fact that they had already attained their maximum capacity. But this is far from being the case. Instead of carrying fewer and fewer passengers annually in the future, there is every indication that the railways will be adequately handling a greater traffic than ever, and will be able to hold their own against the limited competition of road transport.

On comparatively short journeys of 50 miles and less the motor-coach may become a serious rival—unless it is by co-operation made a useful ally—to the railway train, but in the handling of the suburban traffic, which at present pours into and out of all the London railway termini during the "rush hours," no road transport, however well managed, would be anything like adequate. If we attempted to convey in a fleet of motor vehicles, for example, the twenty-four trainloads of "bread-winners" which leave Liverpool Street station during each "peak" rush hour, we should need more arterial roads than there would be room for leading out of London, for every such train carries the equivalent number of passengers of sixteen modern

double-deck buses. To handle the ever-growing population of suburban dwellers the railways are a vital necessity, and their present capacity can, in most cases, be still greatly increased by means of electrification, or by augmenting them with a tube line.

The possibilities of travel by road, however good, are necessarily limited. Although the private car may be able to make better time than an express train on occasions, if the owner-driver is prepared to stand the strain of driving at such a speed, it can only be accomplished at great risk to all other road users. And it is unlikely that any public vehicles, such as motor-coaches, will prove consistent rivals of the railways in the matter of speed over long distances. Nor is it probable that the general public will prefer to travel by air on journeys of over a hundred miles rather than by train, since the costs of air travel are not likely to be reduced sufficiently to allow this method to compare with ordinary railway fares. The third-class railway passenger will remain as such so long as the railways cater for him.

The point usually stressed as an argument that our railways are antiquated is the fact that the speeds of express trains have not increased at all for sixty years. The reason for this is, briefly, safety. Trains were running as fast in the 'seventies and 'eighties as they could in daily practice with due regard to reasonable safety, and there has been found no reason since to run the risks unavoidable with any appreciable increase in speed. The inclusive speed over a long journey of a fast train is still, and will continue to be, greater than any motor-coach is likely to average in daily service on a public road, or most owners of light cars will care to attain for long stretches on even the best motor ways.

Those motorists whose unnecessary contests with the Blue Train for the sake of road-performance publicity should remember that this is not by any means a fast train; its over-all average speed is rather less than 38 miles an hour. If racing trains on the high roads were not illegal in this country (may we be thankful that it is!) it would need a far more spectacular performance on the part of the car to keep ahead of, say, the Cornish Riviera express, the London to Bath expresses (107 miles in 105 minutes), the Euston to Birmingham trains, or the Swindon to Paddington train which is timed to cover 77½ miles from start to stop in 70 minutes.

Some important changes will, without doubt, be made on our railways within the next ten years. Recent experiments with water-tube boilers and higher pressures are producing even more powerful locomotives within the constricting limits of the loading gauge, while the running of the Flying Scotsman during the summer months from London to Edinburgh, 393 miles, without a stop for any purpose, has opened up possibilities of faster long-distance travel. The ultimate electrification of all our main lines will come in due course, and with it more frequent and better services all over the railway systems of the country.

Finally there appear to be no serious reasons why a form of motor-coach, similar to those now used on the roads but larger, cannot be run over our main lines in large numbers, either for the purpose of sight-seeing or as augmentative passenger services. Propelled by petrol, or even Diesel-crude-oil engines, and with a speed of 60 to 70 miles an hour, a fleet of these vehicles would not be expensive to run, while they would allow the passengers to enjoy the scenery in the better parts of the country as in a road motor-coach. Smoother running, room to stand up and move about inside, and the possibility of including a kitchen compartment for cooked meals in each coach would be some of the attractions of rail motor-coaches over the road equivalents.

BOAT-RACE REFLECTIONS

By R. W. MOORE

AS no less an authority than the author of 'Ecclesiastes' observed, there is no new thing under the sun, and in these days, when we are eager upon the least suggestion to extend to the new-fangled the shadow of antiquity, when we are happy to refer our electrons and our wave-mechanics to Heraclitus and our financial "rings" to Thales, our modern sanitation to Cnossos and our neo-sculpture to the latest of finds in Iraq, most of us are content to admit that he spoke the truth. Were not the so-called Oxford trousers and tight double-breasted worn before 1850, and did not Cleopatra affect a *chignon*? But when we come to Boat-racing we are given pause. It is true that there is a legend that Edgar the Peaceable was rowed on the Dee from his palace in Chester to the Church of St. John by eight kings, himself the ninth (and presumably coxswain), and a very pleasing legend it is (especially to coxswains who cannot help but feel in it the vindication of an ancient dignity); but one eight does not make a race any more than one swallow makes a summer, and the antiquary falters. He may seek to console himself with the reflection that surely Venice, the Mother of Boating, must have produced something of the sort, but history is cold and inexorable, and the plea fails. As a last desperate resort he may recall the testimony of Thucydides that the Athenian triremes ran races as far as Ægina when starting on the Sicilian Expedition; but by no artifice or ingenuity can he establish Piræus-to-Ægina as the first Putney-to-Mortlake. The weakness of his case is manifest. Even Father Ronald Knox's pretty conceit* of the derivation of the Boat Race serves but to convict the silence of history. Alas! competitive rowing is "a modern ecstasy." It may be that the Doggett's Coat and Badge Race was founded by the famous comedian in 1715 and that the first English Regatta was held on the Thames off Ranelagh Gardens in 1775, but bumping races were unknown in Oxford before Waterloo and the immortal Boat Race is no older than the Industrial Revolution.

But what is lacking in antiquity is recompensed in the spirit. Tradition is an affair of the spirit, not of the letter, and lives not in the petty Arabic figures of calendars and almanacs but in the memories and emotions of human hearts. How many of our famous public schools, schools less than a century old, yet possessed already of ageless traditions, do not bear us testimony? For the truth is that "we live in thoughts, not years," that Time is more than the ticking of a clock, and history more than the dry bones of unremembered years. Across the Atlantic there are worthy institutions optimistically engaged in the daily founding of traditions. More power to their elbow: *possunt quia posse videntur*, and who shall not admire their spirit? For we are with them: such is the English spirit that to it Boat-Race Saturday is well-nigh as revered a holiday and as venerable a landmark as Shrove Tuesday or August Monday. With these other solemn days it can claim kinship on two counts: like them it can boast a weekday sacrosanct to itself, and like them it is wholly pagan in tone.

For pagan it assuredly is, as pagan as the Shrove Tuesday which an indulgent Church concedes to its would-be penitents on the eve of their tribulation, and as the Bank Holiday which the tedium begotten of the counting-house has erected into a national Saturnalia (which name indeed as it goes would better befit our Boat-Race Day than any). And if this modern

* In the 'New Forget-me-not.' (Cobden-Sanders), 1929.

occasion falls short of the Fescennine abandon of August Monday, yet its devotism has a nucleus for the greater concentration: and it certainly has the better of Shrove Tuesday in that its brief span has no lengthy aftermath of penitence and privation to overshadow its fleeting joys. Go to Hammersmith Bridge, or, better still, to the towpath by Barnes Bridge on the morning of the Race (if the Race is being rowed in the morning, that is, and if you are early enough), and, if you succeed in establishing any sort of position there, you will appreciate forcibly the tenseness of the competition that pervades and rocks the quiet atmosphere of the sluggish Thames as a sudden swell rocks a boat on its moorings. For one brief hour Enthusiasm enters into its own. If any innocent murmur *Quid vult concursus ad amnem?* then he asks for what he gets and serve him right. It is a day of deep feeling. Though the average spectator (whoever that mythical creature may be) sees only as much of the Race as the average competitor secures of the famous Westminster Shrove pancake and is as jostled and flattened in the process, he feels none the less deeply. It is an hour of intensities and animosities: hero-worship, asceticism, athleticism all are here, and with them the leaven of a perennial rivalry, working even more in the spectators, if that may be, than in the protagonists themselves, and working the more vigorously because it has been hid for a year.

The actual contest is brief, horribly brief, a mere *coup d'œil* compared with the hours of expectancy. Or rather it is the glimpse that one gets that is so brief. The two animated matchsticks with the nine heroic frenzied blobs on each slip by, dragging their tugs and launches behind them, all seen for a bright second and then gone. But what an ecstasy, what a lyric, what a dithyramb to that most modern of all deities, Exercise! But the brief candle is soon out: within far less than his hour the poor player has finished his strutting and fretting, and inside twenty minutes all is over but the shouting. Gradually the sound and fury subside, but it does not signify nothing. The Race is over: for a whole year for good or bad the Boat Race is lost and won; but the day is earmarked for its own, and there is food for talk for more than a day. Those especially whose partisan sympathies are more nearly engaged, with an innocent insolence, as the West End will later show, make the day a Saturnalia of their own, and Boat-Race Night is annually the public scandal and the private delight of most of the Sponsors of the Popular Press. Still it's an ill wind . . . and one short hour of glorious strife is worth a page without a blame. And anyhow, like Christmas and Guy Fawkes Day and all the days that serve to make life tolerable, it comes but once a year, and who shall grudge? *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

ON GIVING UP VULGARITY

BY PETER TRAILL

PEOPLE used to and still do give up certain things for Lent: hypocrites that which they value least and devotees that which they value most. I am trying very hard to follow the middle way and surrender something which I regard neither as a necessity nor as an encumbrance—I refer to my vulgarity. Some of my friends have foresworn alcohol, others meat; a few sugar and so forth, but their forbearance in these matters acts as an irritant upon their companions and does not promote Christian harmony. When, for instance, Arthur comes into the club and one turns wearily to the waiter and orders the "usual half a bottle of whisky and a small soda" for him and a gruff

voice changes the command to a tonic water with no gin, the atmosphere remains unpleasant. He eyes my sherry with malevolence, and twice already I have caught him trying to knock it over before I have finished it; as to his own choice, he addresses the glass from time to time in no unmeasured terms and finally swallows the lot with such an expression of agony that the club becomes overcast with his suffering. Similarly my mother, who in the ordinary way is a charitable and good-natured woman, has become almost violent owing to her suppression of sugar, and when I offered her the bowl twice the other day by mistake, she snatched it from me and smashed it on the drawing-room floor; a rather unmannerly proceeding, and—since she has the house furnished—probably an expensive one. I think that one should not give up things which affect the lives of other people in this marked fashion. The surrendering of vulgarity entails none of these disadvantages.

A great many people pride themselves that Lent or no Lent they are never vulgar at all; that is not, or should not be, a matter for pride. There must be antithesis and if there were no vulgarity, the dish of conversation would lack seasoning. Those people who prefer to go through life without stuffing are in the same category as those who eat their roast duck plain. What a waste of life and roast duck! A good stuffing for roast duck, as Mr. Scotson-Clark laid down in print not so long ago, is: Two large onions chopped fine; a pinch of salt added, pepper and celery seeds. Mix well. Then add a large teaspoonful of dried sage, which you crumble up between your fingers, a little of the duck's own fat chopped fine, and half a cupful of breadcrumbs. Bind this all together with a whipped egg, and stuff the body of the duck with it. Fill the crop with veal (or chicken) stuffing. Serve a little of both stuffings with each portion of duck, but only a little. Mark the trouble he takes to set out this seasoning, and mark well his chosen words—"only a little"—but that little is the making of roast duck, and similarly a little vulgarity is the making of life.

In giving it up I have forgone the savour of existence for a while, and unless you have experienced the feeling you cannot imagine how irksome it is to have to refrain from calling your grandmother a silly old trout when you have allowed yourself such liberty of speech on certain occasions when her ear trumpet has been mislaid. The world is not composed entirely of one's grandmother, and there are numerous other people who are best described in terms which have suffered a sea or river change, or in ones which have suffered no change at all, but which are uproariously Rabelaisian. How I miss my Rabelais! He has words for men (that are men) to use and I'm particularly fond of referring to my cousin in language suggested by them. When we meet now, which is as rare an occurrence as I can make it, because I cannot stand the strain of my unspoken thoughts, I have to greet him civilly. It is a terrible trial, especially as he has clung to his vulgarity, and only given up drinking bad wine.

My friends tell me that I seem a little "under the weather"; but they do not know what a storm is going to break a week from now. My mother thinks "I have turned over a new leaf," but she does not know that oaks are to be uprooted once Easter is turned. My grandmother beams at me and tells me "I look just like grandfather did before they nailed the lid," but she does not know that I am going to call her a silly old trout when she has not mislaid her ear trumpet. I have never done it before and I feel it is going to recompense me for all my abstinence.

THE THEATRE

BAY-TREES IN CHICAGO

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

On the Spot. By Edgar Wallace. Wyndham's Theatre.

AT last Mr. Edgar Wallace has done what he ought to have done years ago, and placed the action of his latest crime-play in America. The result is not only far less obviously incredible, the type of crookery in which he revels being as normal in the States as it is fantastic in this country; it is also far less cheaply "thrilling," the truth about Chicago's gang-leaders being a great deal less sensational than such fictions as 'The Ringer' and 'The Terror.' Or rather, the most sensational feature of that truth is the simple fact that it does happen to be true. Indeed, one has only to forget that 'On the Spot' is written by a well-known author of melodramatic fiction, and one begins to see this "latest Wallace" as an extremely important play. Let me try to explain this rather surprising epithet.

'On the Spot' shows us a day in the life of Tony Perelli, a Chicago gang-leader: not, mark you, an exceptional day, but a normal, and not even a particularly eventful, day. It happens that a member of Mike Feeney's rival gang has been "bumped-off" (or, as we should say, murdered) by two members of Perelli's gang; and Feeney promptly calls on Perelli (the scene is the latter's "swell" apartment in Chicago) to complain about it. He goes further, and invites the collusion of Perelli in a retaliative bumping-off of the two murderers; and, rather surprisingly, Perelli not only agrees to "put them on the spot" (which means that he will treacherously send them to be murdered by Mike Feeney's gang), but actually does so. I say "surprisingly," because these murderers had been acting in accordance with instructions received from Perelli himself, who must surely have been aware that professional etiquette would necessitate this tit-for-tat; also, that it would involve in this case two tits for one tat. Then, why did he embark on this obviously unprofitable series of bumpings-off? These things were not made clear to me—possibly because the whispered conversation of the late-comers made it quite impossible for me to overhear more than half-a-dozen words during a short (and, for aught I know, explanatory) Scene One.

To continue the story, Con O'Hara, one of the two men put on the spot by Perelli, managed to escape, and returned to the "ecclesiastical brothel" (as a detective aptly described Perelli's apartment) with the intention of murdering his treacherous chief. However, instead of promptly bumping him off, he foolishly allowed Perelli to get his shot in first, and that was the last we saw of Con O'Hara. To explain what happened afterwards, I must mention that Perelli had a Chinese-American mistress called Minn Lee. Having grown tired of her, he decided to pension her off as manageress of one of the "vice-houses" in which he happened to have a side-line interest. Unfortunately for him, Minn Lee preferred death to this particular dishonour. Still more unfortunately, Detective Commissioner Kelly entered the apartment immediately after she had killed herself with a paper-knife; and having failed to "get" Perelli for any of the many murders of which he knew him to be guilty, he decided to arrest him as the murderer of Minn Lee, and to make his conviction certain by destroying the evidence which would have proved her death to be a case of suicide. This was so delightfully ironical an ending that its unconvincing artificiality may be forgiven.

"And you actually call this nonsense an important play?" Wait!

I referred just now to the Chicago "underworld." That was a temporarily convenient, but utterly misleading, term. For this is not a play about the underworld, but about the upper world—one might almost say the "overworld"—of one of the most important cities in America. It is a play about men and women who, though vile and morally uncivilized and scarcely human, flourish like bay-trees and as openly as an ordinary rich business-man in London. But how do they manage to defy the police and carry out their crimes and murders with impunity? Mr. Wallace tells us in a little scene, which is so amusing that its significance is liable to be lost. Perelli is summoned to Police Headquarters and there questioned by Commissioner Kelly. He returns to his apartment, seething with anger at this indignity, and telephones to a Supreme Court judge and orders him to reprimand the impudent detective. A little later we learn that this has been done and that the incorruptible Kelly has been warned not to annoy the influential gang-leader. Translate this episode into terms of English life! One has to conceive the leader of some race-gang (a relatively harmless person by comparison with Perelli) ringing up, say, Mr. Justice Avory and ordering him to reprimand some Scotland Yard detective. One has further to conceive his lordship as immediately obeying his command, not from fear of himself being bumped-off, but in order to obtain, through the support of the gang-world, the position of Lord Chief Justice, say, when next that post should happen to fall vacant. In short, one has to conceive a corrupt judiciary deliberately aiding and abetting murder.

Can one dismiss all this as "merely Edgar Wallace"? If this play stood alone I should unhesitatingly answer "Yes." But it doesn't stand alone. On the contrary, its allegations are corroborated by play after play that comes to us from America itself. Think of those attorneys in 'Appearances' and 'Mary Dugan.' And remember that those lawyers—who are represented as so utterly corrupt as to be indistinguishable from what are commonly called "crooks"—either have been in the past, or may become in the future, the administrators of American justice and even the public representatives of the United States. I don't propose to pursue the argument into the more delicate realm of international relationships. I content myself with a mere statement of the facts alleged and implied in 'On the Spot,' and repeat my description of it as an essentially important play.

It is also a well-produced and finely-acted play and, with one exception, very intelligently cast. The exception is Miss Gillian Lind, who endows Minn Lee with the charming personality and voice of an English country-house girl, and is neither Chinese nor American. For her failure to be a convincing mixture of the two races I blame only Mr. Wallace, who produced the play. Miss Gladys Frazin was entirely successful as the only other woman in the play. Mr. Cronin Wilson and Mr. Dennis Wyndham were remarkably convincing as Detective Commissioner Kelly and Mike Feeney, especially when one remembers (and I never did remember it while they were on the stage) that neither of them is really an American. As Perelli, Mr. Charles Laughton had the sort of rôle for which he is extremely well suited, a rôle full of colour and exotic character. His weakness as an actor is a tendency not so much to over-act as to over-elaborate and to be too subtle, so that he sometimes transforms a comparatively simple character into a psychological problem-portrait. Perelli—a vulgar, cruel, vile and yet at moments strangely childish creature—provides him with a splendid opportunity for that detailed characterization in which he has few, if any, equals. A magnificent performance, for which I have no doubt that Mr. Edgar Wallace is as grateful to him as he must be to Mr. Edgar Wallace for providing the raw material out of which he has created it.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—215

SET BY D. WILLOUGHBY

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering into modern English of the opening paragraph (not more than 250 words) of a leading article written on receipt of a report that Thomas à Becket has been killed in Canterbury Cathedral. The style and sentiment should conform with those to be expected in some one or other of our current daily or weekly papers if a similar painful occurrence had to be recorded on another page. If the name of the newspaper is given, the task of judging will be facilitated.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best address, in verse, by a contemporary party leader to a distinguished but "difficult" follower—say, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Maxton or Mr. Runciman. For model, he takes one of those Cavalier poets who used to address themselves to such desirable though troublesome ladies as Lucasta, Amanda and Lycoris. The wording may be sheer cajolery; or may contain a warning; or may convey an ultimatum. Even impudence is admissible. Any anthology of seventeenth-century verse abounds in examples of each manner.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 215A or LITERARY 215B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifth words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Tuesday, April 22. The results will be announced in the issue of April 26.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 213

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. Meteorological experts say it has been the coldest March for seventy years. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet entitled, 'Winter in Spring.'

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-lined rhymed epigram upon the Grand National.

REPORT FROM MR. TRAILL

213A. The entries for this competition were numerous and quite a high standard would have been reached if a number of competitors had not made careless metrical mistakes. Much as I liked their efforts otherwise, I could not close my ears to the extra foot which trod heavily among the violets, mosaics, rivulets and other such. Among these was Cassandra, who scans "flowers" with two feet in one line and one three lines later. James Hall, Gertrude

Pitt, Lil, N. Butterfield, Alves, Issachar were also all guilty of one metrical error.

Of the rest I liked the efforts of Bébé, T. E. Casson and H. F. Smalman-Smith, though I don't agree with the last named that the Shakespearean form of sonnet is less crippling and less artificial than all other sonnet forms; but to these I preferred the entries of Pibwob and Lavengro (in spite of a weak fifth line) and recommend them for the first and second prizes in the order named.

FIRST PRIZE

Can this be spring, that comes in winter's guise,
Apparelled all in tattered frost and sleet?

There is no dance agog in her chill feet,
No lilt of laughter in her sullen eyes.

Unbudding nature churlishly belies
Old adages, that country folk repeat

In vain, while wayward, wanton swallows cheat
Their promised eaves, and flirt with warmer skies.

Now March, at last, is lying cold in death;

Yet spring, like a young widow, robed in black,
Sits frozen in marble, mourning at his tomb.

Can gallant April with his wooing breath

And warm caresses win her laughter back

That wakes the birds to song, the fields to bloom?

PIBWOB

SECOND PRIZE

How like a tyrant of some old domain,
Striving to stay the angry, murmuring
Revolt of his long burdened race, again
The gaunt oppressor, Winter, turns to fling
A desperate challenge to those waking hosts,
That down the splendid avenues to Spring
O'erwhelm the final rallies of the ghosts
Of their dead selves, baffling the iron king
Who once denied their aspirations, till,
Forced back upon his last defence he stands
Alone against the rebels of his will,
The hoary servant of his own commands,
Destined to fall however long he may
Hold back the triumph of Spring's rebel day.

LAVENGRO

213B. A number of competitors also tried their hands at the epigram, but, unfortunately, they either knew a lot about the Grand National and little about an epigram, or less about an epigram and nothing about the Grand National. James Hall's attempt deserves, I think, the first prize, but I cannot recommend any of the others, whose efforts are strangely lacking in wit. Perhaps the imminence of the Budget is responsible for the lack of resilience.

THE WINNING ENTRY

All settled now! It was a race indeed!
The winning horse had mettle, nerve and speed!
But see the winning man, who will not settle,
He, too, possesses nerve and speed—and metal!

JAMES HALL

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions and to post their solutions in good time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE PROGRESS OF GERMANY

SIR,—The *Europa's* successful effort to beat her country's own Atlantic record reminds us once more how surely Germany is establishing her status in Europe and the world.

The reminder is one to which a nation of shopkeepers may well pay heed to-day, when many of them talk in a fashion suggesting that the time has come to put the shutters up. In the year before the war we sold Germany £40,677,379 worth of goods. She was a good customer of ours then, and the present possibilities of the German market may be measured by the fact that our exports to it last year were only two and a half million pounds short of the pre-war figure.

In these circumstances it is gratifying to learn that the German language again seems likely to beat Spanish as the second favourite (French, of course, leading) among us. Certain firms are now arranging for their representatives to learn German, and the German attitude is indicated by the collaboration of six eminent German professors with the Linguaphone Institute in producing a gramophone language course for students, while German salesmen are learning English by like means.

Trade with the Dominions overseas is a wholly admirable ideal; but we must not allow it to blind us to this vast market on our doorstep.

I am, etc.,

J. E. MILLS
M.P. (Lab.), Dartford

THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT

SIR,—It is, I think, generally admitted that human society has been chiefly developed by what Darwin called "sexual selection," and the "survival of the fittest"; but if this theory is correct it is rather astonishing that, at the present time, great efforts should be made in every direction to check the operation of those very laws to which, *ex hypothesi*, such progress as has been already made is due. "Every resource of science," says a distinguished naturalist, "is applied to the reduction of infant mortality, and to the preservation of the unfit"; but unexpected though natural consequences are beginning to arise, and it seems probable that public opinion will insist, before long, that steps be taken to check the propagation of insanity and disease, in so far as such propagation appears to be preventable. Some little time ago you permitted me to suggest that a beginning might perhaps be made by forbidding mental deficients to marry (the certified insane cannot do so at the present time), but such a prohibition would at best have only a very small effect; whereas, if it were a general custom for people contemplating marriage to submit to some sort of examination as to their physical fitness for parenthood, many "unfit" persons would probably be content to lead celibate lives rather than run grave risk of begetting unhealthy offspring.

I am myself acquainted with a man who, in view of his family history and his own somewhat precarious health, thought it his duty to be thoroughly examined by a doctor before proposing to the lady whom he subsequently married, and he told me that

his firm intention was, if the opinion had been unfavourable, to remain a bachelor. Probably there are many people who might follow his example with considerable advantage to the State.

I am, etc.,

WALTER CRICK

Eastbourne

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

SIR,—I am writing a study of the life and work of Lord Alfred Douglas. I should be most grateful for any letters, reminiscences, etc. Any documents sent me will be cared for carefully, copied and returned to the senders.

I am, etc.,

PATRICK BRAYBROOKE

13 Argyle Square, W.C.1

COMMANDER KENWORTHY AND INDIA

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "Indian Army" at the foot of a temperate and good-humoured letter criticizing me for certain suggestions I ventured to make on returning from India, appears to think it impossible that an Indian Army can be built up, officered, and led by Indians for the defence of the country and the maintenance of internal order. This matter I believe to be crucial. I am not a soldier, and do not pretend to have an intimate knowledge of military matters; but I discussed this question at length with everyone in India able to speak with authority with whom I could get into touch.

I believe it will be possible to create such an army provided we go the right way about it. I do not say that, within this generation, it will be fit to meet a first-class European Army in the field, but that is not what it is required to do.

I suggest that what is needed is a good rough-and-tumble fighting force for guarding the frontier, and an armed *gendarmerie* to maintain internal order. Such forces existed in the past, before our rule extended over the Peninsula. The Imperial Mogul Armies were frequently commanded by Rajput Generals, the Army of the Mahratta Confederacy, which overthrew the Mogul Power itself, was led by Indians, and the Sikh Army, under Ranjitsinhji, certainly kept order on the Frontier. I admit that in the two latter cases a certain number of European military adventurers were in Indian employment. But surely the generalship, the principal staff work, and most of the service of command in the field was performed by Indians?

During my own sea service we had Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Turkish, Brazilian, and Chilean officers, midshipmen, and cadets for training in the Royal Navy. A good many of them turned out efficient seamen. It is hard to believe that there are not plenty of Indian gentlemen who could be trained for high command on land. At any rate, the attempt will have to be made. For all parties in Britain are committed to Dominion status within the Empire as India's ultimate goal.

I am, etc.,

J. M. KENWORTHY

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Indian Army," confuting Commander Kenworthy, rightly confines himself to the question of military efficiency; but there is another aspect of the matter even more important, because military forces who, instead of being "off to fight the foe" are off to fight each other, cannot help the country to which they belong, however efficient they may be. To imagine that all Indian potentates would act in unison when the British cement was

removed is to beg the whole question and to deny the reality of Hindu-Moslem as well as Rajput-Maratha, Moslem-Sikh and other crucial dissensions.

If anything of the sort were true, the control of India by a British army would be an absurdity and an impossibility, and could never have come about. The dissensions measure the need for British control; they may be less acute than of old, but it is folly to ignore them. All the talk about efficiency, ability, education, enlightenment, is more or less beside the point so long as dangerous dissensions exist.

I am, etc.,

O. C. G. HAYTER
(Indian Police Service, Ret.)

7 Cator Road, S.E.26

PROHIBITION

SIR,—As one who has always been interested in the question of prohibition, I should be grateful for space to reply to Mr. Hooper, of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, U.S.A., who writes in your issue of March 22.

It is not my intention here either to second or to oppose Mr. Hooper's defence of newspapermen. The best of them are honest in their opinions, while the man who would deny that there are newspapermen who will oppose something, right or wrong, because that thing is detrimental to their interests, has more faith in human nature than knowledge of it. But all I want to know is this: What grounds has Mr. Hooper for saying that prohibition is opposed to the Bible and religion. . . reason, common sense and the welfare of society? Prohibition has lessened drunkenness, crime and poverty in the United States. What men partook of for their pleasure was found to destroy them, physically and mentally. It was common sense and reason that rose up and demanded that the thing responsible for this destruction should go, and it was for the welfare of society that it went. That a minority of Americans do not observe the prohibition law is no justification for saying that it is a failure or that it is wrong. The American nation has cut out intoxicating liquor from its life, and as long as the American nation cherishes the welfare of society liquor will remain cut out. By what but trustworthy statistics showing that there is more drunkenness in the United States to-day than there was in the "wet" days can Mr. Hooper justify his judgment of prohibition?—a judgment containing assertions for which he has given no reasons at all.

I am, etc.,

Cannes, South of France

S. A. P. COOPER

CONSERVATIVES AND THE REFERENDUM

SIR,—The alliance or understanding between Liberalism and Labour enhances the value of *morale* in the Conservative Party. Our Party contains, probably, a larger proportion of those who have "served" than any other, and although civic and military ethics are different, yet the soldier's loyalty and *esprit de corps* can be carried over into civilian and political life with advantage both to the Party and to the country. In my opinion, the practice of carping at Mr. Baldwin has been indulged in too long (even to boredom) and if persisted in will lead to the failure and humiliation of the Conservative Party.

Circumstances and temperament have led to my being throughout my life in close touch with working-class families and I feel quite sure that Mr. Baldwin's declaration for the Referendum was a stroke of genius comparable to Disraeli's purchase of the shares in the Suez Canal. The late Lord Asquith may not have approved of the Referendum but Lord Asquith was a Liberal. We are Conservatives.

There is not the faintest hope of the electorate accepting food taxes unless they are put outside party politics by the Referendum. The working classes, the

poor, as they sometimes call themselves, live much nearer to hunger than we do, just as sailors live much nearer to death than landmen. The prices of food and fuel are ever present to their minds and nothing is easier for an orator like Mr. Lloyd George than to inspire them with an unreasoning panic lest their food shall cost them more. They become incapable in such a state of mind of weighing the advantages of higher wages and more regular employment which might be obtained by welding the Empire into a single economic unit. The pros and cons of Empire Free Trade must be discussed again and again without reference to a General Election or a change of Government. The people must have the opportunity of hearing it discussed and of reading about it in the Press.

Mr. Baldwin, who like his father was the popular head of a great manufacturing concern and lives among his people, is no doubt perfectly familiar with the feelings of the working classes. We may safely trust him. Let us leave insular prejudices to Labour men and Liberals. Conservatives believe in the Empire and in enabling the Old Country, by safeguarding her manufactures, to raise aloft the banner of Imperial unity.

I am, etc.,

Emsworth, Hants

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

THE PALESTINIAN ARABS

SIR,—Your contributor, Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, is mistaken in alleging by implication that Great Britain promised independence to the Palestinian Arabs. The conditional pledge of 1915 was not made to them but to the Grand Sherif of Mecca, and the Government has repeatedly declared (notably in the Churchill White Paper of 1922) that Palestine was definitely excluded from the territories that were offered the recognition of their independence. The Allenby Declaration, better known as the Anglo-French Declaration, of 1918, specifically mentions Syria and Mesopotamia, but makes no mention whatsoever of Palestine. It is significant that it was not until 1921 that Emir (now King) Feisal first claimed, in a conversation with Mr. Churchill, that self-government had been promised to the Palestinian Arabs. Mr. Churchill then explained the Government's point of view, which Feisal accepted.

The Arabs do not form 93 per cent. but about 80 per cent. of the population of Palestine. So far from their having been "subjected to economic distress" in consequence of Jewish immigration, the fact is that they are now much better off economically than before the war. The value of their land has greatly risen; their wages are higher; and their taxation is lower.

Your contributor's references to the land question show that he is badly informed. Over 90 per cent. of the land bought by Jews consisted of large estates belonging mainly to absentee landowners, and the cultivation of this land has naturally been of great benefit to the country. The remaining 10 per cent. consisted of smaller holdings, and in most cases the tenants found other holdings. So far from the tenants having been "evicted with consequent hardships," the fact is that they were always given compensation. The 700 Arab tenants affected by Jewish land purchases in the Vale of Esdraelon were given a total compensation of £30,000 and transferred to other holdings.

The Arab complaints about the grant of concessions have been dismissed in the Report as unfounded. The allegation that "the Arabs have no ill will against the Jews as Jews" reads rather curiously in the light of the fact that of the 133 Jews massacred last August over half were Jews living in the cities of Hebron and Safed who had nothing whatsoever to do with Zionism.

I am, etc.,

ISRAEL COHEN

77 Great Russell Street, W.1

NEW NOVELS

Josef Breaks Free. By Herman Kesten. Translated by Eric Sutton. Constable. 6s.

The School for Wives. By André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. Knopf. 6s.

The Fiery Angel. A Sixteenth Century Romance. By Valeri Briussov. Translated by Ivor Montague and Sergei Nalbandov. Toulmin. 7s. 6d.

The Castle. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Secker. 7s. 6d.

HERE are four translated novels, all published within a few days of one another. The point is worth noticing. It would be interesting to trace the increase in the percentage of translated fiction during the last ten years or so, not only here, but also in France and America (in Germany and Central Europe the percentage was always comparatively high). The reasons for this increase are probably gratifying. What is less gratifying is the haphazard way in which the material frequently appears to be selected. One so often cannot help wondering why this thing has been taken and that far better thing left.

'Josef Breaks Free' does not altogether silence such misgivings as these. Still, perhaps it was worth translating, even though it has reached the English reader a little out of its turn. (The reader, by the way, is left to discover for himself, if he will and can, the relevant facts about this book and its author.) The subject-matter of the story is life in and about a Berlin tenement, where Josef, a boy of thirteen, shares one room with too many other members of his family. "The events of the book," the publisher's note informs us, "are seen through the imaginative eyes of the boy." The reader must not, however, expect any child-psychology which can be taken seriously. There is nothing, for example, which will stand comparison with certain pages in Norah Hoult's 'Time, Gentlemen, Time!' Nor is Josef in the Little Lord Fauntleroy tradition. How far he is from it may be judged from the following fragment of dialogue between him and his father:

"But is it wrong to have no money?" asked Papa.

"No, it's not wrong, but it's stupid; and it's severely punished."

"By whom?"

"By society and the State. And the punishments are starvation, imprisonment, religious instruction, taxes, oppression, injustice, degrading work, bad food, cheap pleasures, social humiliation, compulsory schooling, compulsory military service, and everything that makes modern life as beastly as a barracks."

Not bad for a boy of thirteen. Little Arthur could hardly have done better. The fact is that little Josef is a literary device rather than a human boy. And the whole book has a slight air of false pretences about it. On a basis of conventional realism there is a rickety superstructure of grotesque phantasy. This blend of crudity and oddity is such that certain pages suggest an imperfect collaboration between Zola and Lewis Carroll. On the credit side there is a whimsical and sardonic flavour which indicates a praiseworthy effort to produce something livelier than the jog-trot narrative style of the novelist who is only a reporter.

'The School for Wives' has only the title in common with Molière's play of that name, and the book might more appropriately have been called 'A Modern Tartuffe.' It consists of two halves of a woman's diary with an interval of twenty years between them. The writer of the diary begins by idolizing Robert, whom she marries, and then the real Robert is gradually revealed as a humbug and a prig. As might be expected from M. Gidé, this is

achieved with a simplicity which is far more subtle than it looks. Thus Eveline, the writer of the diary, after she has seen through Robert, is attempting to trace the origin of her mistrust of him. She says:

I think it began on a certain day, not long after our marriage, when my father was exclaiming over the perfection of Robert's system of filing and asked him whether he had found it himself, and Robert answered in an indefinable tone, which was at once superior and modest, profound and detached.

"Yes . . . I found it by dint of searching."

Oh! it was hardly anything, and at the moment I attached no importance to it. . . . But as I knew that this improved system of filing came out of a stationer's shop in the Rue du Bac, where I had just been to pay a bill, it did perhaps occur to me that there was no need for the inspired, the almost agonized look, the inventor's look. . .

And when the war breaks out, Robert remains true to type. Thus:

I witnessed his grief at being unable to serve on account of his convalescence, and a few months later I know that he consulted Marchant as to how he could get a medical certificate to allow of his enlisting. Unfortunately, I learned soon after that his class was about to be called up, that he ran the risk of being transferred from the auxiliary army, and that by enlisting beforehand he would be free to choose the branch of the service he preferred—which he did with the utmost precaution and with the help of all the interest he could command.

But while the character-study of Robert is admirably complete, Eveline is less convincing. Like little Josef, she is more a literary device than a living person. However this may be, M. Gide has made excellent use of the device and, in particular, he has done well to show that marriage may prove a tragic failure for other than obviously sexual reasons.

While 'Josef Breaks Free' and 'The School for Wives' have been translated within a few months of their original appearance, 'The Fiery Angel' has unfairly had to wait for over twenty years. Unfairly, because it is a graphic reconstruction of medieval life. In his preface, Briussov, who was one of the most interesting figures in Russian literature of the early twentieth century, described it as a version of an ancient German manuscript. There seems no inherent reason why 'The Fiery Angel' should not become as popular, let us say, as 'Jew Süss,' except that Briussov's book is superior.

There is no taint of potential popularity about 'The Castle.' In fact, it is a book to read on a desert island rather than on a railway journey. Mr. Muir has written an introduction, which is not always as wise as it should be. Thus, he seems to imagine that there is something akin to profundity in Kafka's use of the comma, whereas Kafka probably did nothing more than to apply the rules of German punctuation which he had been taught in his youth. And surely it is time to drop the pretence that Mr. Joyce is the only living English writer with any adequate sense of style. It would have been more to the point if Mr. Muir had considered how far Kafka's Jewish ancestry and Czech environment will account for the more remarkable features of 'The Castle.' The book is an elaborate and, indeed, a tortuous allegory. Kafka gives no hint of this, and the result is that the story at first produces the impression of being an aimless rigmarole. But gradually it dawns on the more than casual reader that there is method in Kafka's madness. The metaphysical implications of the characters and what they do begin to suggest themselves in the most fascinating way. Its main idea is this: "The Castle, to which K (the central character) never gains admission, and to which for some incomprehensible reason he can never get near, is much the same thing as what the theologians call grace, the divine guidance of human destiny." With this as a starting point, 'The Castle' becomes rich in suggestive ideas. But it is not a book to be mastered in a hurry.

REVIEWS

THE OLD DIPLOMACY

Sir Arthur Nicolson. (*First Lord Carnock.*)
A Study in the Old Diplomacy. By Harold
Nicolson. Constable. 21s.

SO many bad books get published nowadays in the guise of biography that it is a pleasure to meet one which is a real work of art. Mr. Harold Nicolson's life of his father, the professional diplomatist and head of the Foreign Office, is neither long enough to be tedious nor short enough to be scrappy. It is not overburdened with lengthy quotations from public or private documents; and when such extracts are made the long-forgotten circumstances are recalled in detail just sufficient, and no more, to explain the point. The faithful record of another's life, which is largely a matter of presenting situations as seen and interpreted by the man who had to meet them, and the original study of a personality and an epoch as seen and interpreted "after the event" by the author himself are here combined. Nowhere have we any doubt as to whose opinion is being suggested to our mind.

There is no ancestor-worship in the temperament of this youngest son. He is merciless to his grandfather, the testy old admiral who quite failed to appreciate his promising boy until the latter made a mark in the profession he had chosen, helped on by marriage with Lord Dufferin's sister-in-law from the Embassy at Constantinople. Nor, for all his filial affection, will he cast any halo round his own father's head. In the son's judgment, which here may well be right, Sir Arthur Nicolson was not in any sense a brilliant man, but just a real, good Englishman (with Ulster blood and accidentally an hereditary baronet of Nova Scotia) typical of the best of his time. "Of his time," however, is the essence of the judgment; for, in the author's view, those times were out of joint, and the leading men unfortunately perverted by a primitive patriotism. Alike in England, France, Germany and Russia, each was apt to think too much about the interests of his own country and too little about the brotherhood of man. Hence all those tears, and finally the deluge.

This gives the book a provocative spice; yet without doing its plain-man hero any harm. Often it exasperates the old Adam within us. It reflects the popular defeatism which at present seems to enervate British policy both abroad and at home. It comes out strongest, perhaps, in the author's comment on the Agadir crisis of 1910, when Sir Edward Grey, urged by Nicolson and Crowe, reluctantly decided to stand up to Germany and preserve the Entente with France and Russia rather than "expose his country to the danger of isolation in the face of a dictatorial militarism." Here it is suggested (p. 333) that "even if the dominant party in Germany did desire to impose its will upon the British Empire, it would have been better if the British Government had submitted to such crass dictation rather than risk the death or mutilation of ten million young men. . . . Had he (Sir E. Grey) belonged to a later generation, he would have felt (as some of us now begin to feel) that war is justified by no possible or conceivable provocation." What the European world might have been to-day with Germany its dictatorial master is vain speculation. At any rate, for better or worse, it would not have been complicated by the continued existence of the British Empire nor by the intrusion of the League of Nations.

Time will show—possibly even our own time—whether the methods and results of this more enlightened age are going to be more satisfying to righteousness than those of the "old diplomacy," which are so truthfully delineated in these pages.

What are the vices charged against the old system? Back-stairs intrigue; secret understandings, sometimes very treacherous to avowed friends; dishonest compromises wrapped in fictitious formulæ; "cynical" disregard of ethical considerations. Has the new order at Geneva shown itself wholly innocent of any of these sins? If it is still young, what is its apparent tendency in these aspects? And if it was wicked for a self-respecting country to co-operate with the old autocracy in Russia, what is the essential difference which makes it virtuous (presumably) to embrace the new? Is it just possible, after all, that the conditions which make for competition and strife, however disguised, are part of the eternal order, and therefore destined to survive all attempts to equalize the weaker with the stronger, even if the stronger begin with a pretence of abdicating? If so, the real problem is how the strong should exercise the mandate of their strength, German-wise or otherwise.

Nicolson himself was never worried by any doubt as to whether it would be right for his country, in the last resort, to maintain its independence by war. His concern was how best to preserve the balance of power which should avert the necessity. He came to feel that it would be safer to make the Entente a definite alliance than to let Germany go on imagining that in the final emergency England would abandon France and Russia. The latter two wanted urgently, as German pressure grew, to know where England really stood. But they could never get it because the British Cabinet was not of one mind, and because the Party would be divided, too. Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues clung to the attitude of non-commitment, facing both ways, to France and Germany in turn, up to the last minute of the eleventh hour. Not until August 2, 1914, with the French Ambassador passionately reproaching them with "treachery," could they bring themselves to acknowledge the plain implication of the naval compact they had made with France in 1912—and then it was too late for Germany to retreat. To-day it is the Covenant and the Locarno Treaty of which they refuse to recognize the manifest logic and are pained to find that abroad they are still "perfidious Albion." Surely either Nicolson's policy or the American Senate's would be more honourable and more practical. Either define your obligations with all precision before you sign or else do not sign at all. Or, if it is too late for that, give notice to terminate these bonds of perpetual irritation, and keep your free hand with honour.

As a mere narrative of diplomatic service in Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Morocco, Russia and the Balkans, this book provides the most readable authentic account yet published of the period of European tension before the war. It includes clever character sketches of many of the principal actors, beginning with Abdul Hamid at Constantinople. The tragic course of events had sometimes its humorous side, of which the author takes full advantage to lighten the story, as when he describes the panic in the Foreign Office on the discovery that Germany had *not* declared war on England. He himself was sent in haste to get Prince Lichnowsky out of bed and retrieve the erroneous Note, which happily he found unopened. At the outbreak of war his father had been for four years Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, always chafing under the burden of an uncongenial routine. He consented to stay on, struggling with ill-health, in order to "do his bit"; and he did it, as ever, right well. Characteristically of the system and the man throughout his long career he was seldom in the limelight, and remained quite unknown generally to the public he served. Happier than many in the family biographer, Sir Arthur Nicolson lives in these pages as the type of British Civil Servant who, alike in private life and public action, can be trusted never to discredit his country.

RICHARD JEBB

ARMS AND THE MEN

A History of the British Army. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Vol. XIII, 1852-1870, with a volume of maps. Macmillan. 40s.

THIS is the last volume of Sir John Fortescue's fine work, and it is a curious reflection on the un-military character of our people, commented upon a hundred years ago by Alison, that the only reward of thirty years of labour is the satisfaction of having completed it and of having secured a lasting and honourable place in the appreciation and affections of the Army. The author in his Preface pays a tribute to his map-maker, the late Mr. Cribb; and those who have had to write and illustrate military history will fully understand the labour of research in documentary evidence, in the field, and in the preparation of maps. A remarkable example of the necessity for careful survey was the author's discovery on the field of Vittoria of a sheer cliff, mentioned by no writer and shown in no plan, which materially influenced the tactics of the battle.

A book like this is unremunerative. The only "war-books" read by the general public are sensational fiction; but the true romance of war need be no dry-as-dust stuff, witness the glowing pages of Napier's 'Peninsular War,' well known to a past generation of officers. It is to be hoped that the present generation will not neglect the luminous features of this work. The history of the Army, which the public neglect in peace however much they appreciate it in war, should be read also by politicians, and by those who are accustomed to criticize military operations with little or no knowledge. Here the party politicians will find that the author does not love them; they make wars and they neglect soldiers; "party government," he says, "lives at best upon half-truths, and when these fail, upon lies."

In his thirteen volumes he tells the story of the beginnings of the Army, its evolution, and its vicissitudes in theatres of war which embrace every continent and many countries. The present volume deals especially with the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, as well as minor campaigns in Persia, China, New Zealand, and on the Indian Frontier, but the first chapter relates to preparation, or rather the lack of it, from 1840 to 1852. The author observes that with the growth of the Empire, in the absence of any corresponding augmentation of the Army, regiments were virtually doomed to perpetual banishment; those who have served in the tropics will understand what that implied for a long-service army. Increased forces and auxiliary services were opposed by such pacifists and Bright and Cobden, who "by their unwearied condemnation of armaments, for ten years placed their country in deadly peril." It has also to be borne in mind that a weak nation cannot speak with authority in the world for either peace or war. It is well to remember that Disraeli, at the Berlin Congress, was convinced that both the Crimean War and the Russo-Turkish War would have been avoided had England taken, or been able to take, a stronger hand.

The author, in his account of the Crimean War, does justice to Lord Raglan, a worthy descendant of Lord Worcester, who for four years held Raglan Castle for King Charles I. He dissipates some popular delusions. No trumpet sounded the "Charge" of the Light Brigade, the wonderful feature of which, apart from the heroisms of the men, was the perfect control of the remnant after the charge. The finer incident was the charge of the Heavy Brigade. The faulty shipping arrangements in the embarkation of troops and cargoes taught no lesson, for it was repeated sixty years later during the Gallipoli campaign. But the failure of the transport and medical departments was the fault not of the Army, but of the House of Commons which had destroyed the auxiliary services.

Medals and Orders became so common after the Crimean War that they lost their value. The author tells us that the Duke of Wellington considered that only the King should belong to more than one Order, and he wished to relinquish the Bath when he was made a Knight of the Garter. What would he have said to-day! In a noble tribute to the Duke, Sir John Fortescue truly says that his name alone is worthy to stand beside Marlborough's in the annals of England. But he scarcely does justice to Wellington as a statesman.

We are given some account of the causes and operations of the Indian Mutiny, which was largely contagious and not an organized rising. Regiments which were loyal in the morning rose and slew their officers in the evening. The author does justice to Sir Hugh Rose, the only first-class General of the time, whose campaign in Central India was a model of Asiatic warfare. But when he tells us that "as a study of war the Mutiny was naught, and every strategical and tactical principle was disregarded—and rightly so," we can scarcely follow him. The Mutiny itself provides many lessons; the operations north of the Jumna contain few; but it is never safe to neglect principles, however varied in their application. Sir Hugh Rose's campaign succeeded so brilliantly because the General, bold and tireless in all his operations, observed throughout the principles of war. He took care of his flanks and rear; he attacked with vigour and fearless intrepidity, but with tactical skill. His operations afford a contrast to the dilatory movements of Havelock and Campbell. Proper recognition is accorded to the servants of the East India Company, "who strove nobly to do their duty, and left a lasting heritage of honour."

No praise can be too high for this great work, for which the author's devotion to the Army and his appreciation of its services made him peculiarly fitted. For Sir John Fortescue is by instinct and in spirit a soldier. He has done a great service for the Army and the nation in recording the services of the King's Forces, and it has been a labour of love to one who has given the best years of his life to this unselfish work. Early in his History he told of the exploits of the Black Prince, the type of English chivalry, who, within sound of the trumpets at Canterbury, awaiting the sound of a louder trumpet, sleeps beneath the shadow of his shield. As he lays down his pen, he ends with a noble tribute to the Army he loves so well. "The builders of this Empire despised and derided the stone which became the headstone of the corner. They were not worthy of such an army. Two centuries of persecution could not wear out its patience; two centuries of thankless toil could not abate its ardour; two centuries of conquest could not awake its insolence. Dutiful to its masters, merciful to its enemies, it clung steadfastly to its old simple ideals—obedience, service, sacrifice."

R. G. BURTON

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE

Memoirs of Marmontel. Translated by Brigit Patmore, with Sainte-Beuve's Essay. The Broadway Library. Routledge. 15s.

THE French memoirs of the eighteenth century form a world to themselves, a delightful, various, self-contained society in which everyone had his say against everyone else in a confusion of private, and often very personal, opinions. In this babble Marmontel has a secure, if secondary, place. In the crowd of vivid individuals he is distinguished by being uniformly amiable, and the record of his happy life, despite some ups and downs over which he glides with graceful ease, has something of the pastoral quality of Bernardin Saint-Pierre's romances. The son

of a peasant, with little but his brains and love of learning to rely upon, he did well in his classes, received the tonsure, and was encouraged by the prizes that he won in public recitations to embark on a career of letters. He was immediately successful with his tragedy, and, when he had tired of the uncertainties and quarrels of the theatre, sought and found official posts, and eventually became a member of the French Academy, surviving the first decade of the Revolution to retire and die on the last day of 1799 with the crowning satisfaction of having closed his love affairs, when he was on the wrong side of fifty, with a very happy marriage, and of having composed these *Memoirs* for the family that he left behind.

This bald summary of his life gives, however, no indication of the man who wrote these *Memoirs*. The opening pages, which convey an almost idyllic picture of his simple home, excite two curious impressions. At first we seem to be reading the beginning of a simple romance in which every check quickly turns to the advantage of the hero. The sentiment is abundant, the narrative is tender; the young man is moved very easily to tears. His life seems to be part of the literary landscape of his time, and to be as charming but as unreal as that of the Vicar of Wakefield. Then, as we continue our reading, we discover that we have misunderstood the character of this youth, and that, far from being the guileless favourite of fortune he overcomes his difficulties with astonishing address, that he leaves nothing to chance, and has a resource for every emergency. No one who reads these *Memoirs* attentively will ever be deceived by the notion that the "secret of success" can be communicated. There is no secret except intelligence, and one of the charms of these memories is to see a ready intelligence at work. Marmontel always knew what he wanted, and he had the much rarer gift of knowing exactly how, in the given circumstances, it was most likely to be gained. When, still almost a boy, he needed pupils from the Jesuits in order to support himself during his studies, the chance hint that he would be treated more considerably by the Oratorians led him at once to pretend that he would leave the Jesuits for their hated rivals, and the result of this diplomacy was promptly rewarded. The odd thing about his conduct, moreover, is that instead of estranging us it wins our sympathy. Marmontel was no vulgar self-seeker. He was a simple person who knew the most tactful way to behave, and he had nothing but his tact and good sense to carry him through his difficulties. Address never failed him, and was clearly spontaneous, for he writes of his successes without a trace of self-consciousness and as if such resource were the most natural thing in the world.

The rejection of one of his youthful compositions by the judges in a literary contest led him to write to Voltaire, and when the great man responded with his customary generosity and suggested that his correspondent should come to Paris, the young man agreed to do so on condition that a place was provided for him first. Voltaire held out good hopes, but as soon as Marmontel arrived he discovered that his prospective protector had fallen out of favour, whereupon Marmontel took Voltaire's advice and, just before his resources were exhausted, wrote his first tragedy. The amusing picture of his early days in Paris, and of the shifts to which he was put to pay his bills, is followed by the even more amusing account of his relations behind the scenes with the actors and actresses in the theatre. For example, two actresses wanted the same part in his play, and the one to whom he was under obligations seemed to him unsuited for it. Marmontel was equal to the dilemma, and this is a crucial example of his diplomatic skill. The theatre led to a succession of love affairs, and, though he touches them lightly since he was "writing for his children," they are inimitably sketched and make us realize that French novelists do not romance when

they show us lovers and their mistresses behaving like grown children.

The style of the *Memoirs*, which read easily in Mrs. Patmore's version, is very curious, for while the narrative is extremely placid, the incidents in which it abounds are exciting and full of hazards that to a man of less address would have brought disaster again and again. Whether he was in trouble with the Jesuits, the Court, or the theological censors of the Sorbonne, he was an adept at conciliation, and his tact was accompanied by courage so that we always feel that he deserved to win. He had an astonishing capacity for keeping out of quarrels, particularly literary quarrels, and refused to reply to the attacks that were the normal experience of men of letters in his day. Another point in the *Memoirs*, which contributes to the fun of reading them, is the swiftness with which Marmontel passes from one incident to another. There is no padding, and only when we pause to consider do we realize how much of trivial interest has been omitted. Indeed, the geography and habitations of the man are left vague, and he seems the characteristic bachelor in being a man without a home whose life is a blank except when he appears in society.

The third act, the catastrophe, of every bachelor's life arrives in middle age when the friends of his youth begin to die or to be otherwise dispersed, and he is forced to contemplate a lonely ending to his existence. This problem Marmontel confronted with his usual foresight, and the luck which attended him seems the due reward of the wisdom which had guided him up to that moment:

In this painful situation I had tried more than once to find a companion and adopt a family in place of the one death had harvested, but by some lucky chance none of my plans had succeeded when I saw the niece of my friends the Morellets arrive in Paris. It was a gift from heaven. However lovable they both seemed. . . . I did not imagine that with my more than fifty years I was a suitable husband for a young person who was scarcely eighteen.

At this moment of hesitation a friend was to appear who banished the bachelor's doubts, and his entire circle agreed that this marriage was inevitable. It turned out extremely well and there is no mistaking the sincerity of Marmontel's references to his married happiness and to the pleasures of a father with his children. The gloss upon the whole narrative is a genuine element of the style and convinces us that the author is rather displaying the geniality of his nature than aiming at any effect beyond sincerity.

The whole book is chiefly valuable for this portrait of its writer, but the reader inquisitive of glimpses of the celebrities of eighteenth-century France will be pleasantly rewarded. Voltaire holds the chief and honoured place in Marmontel's gallery of portraits, and the chief object of his criticism is Rousseau, from whose opinions he dissented strongly. The *Memoirs*, all of Marmontel that is still alive, offer more to the reader than to the critic. Even Sainte-Beuve himself did not find much matter for reflection. To read these *Memoirs* is to make a charming friend, and we must all be grateful to Mr. Richard Aldington for including them in this valuable series of translations which he edits so delightfully.

OSBERT BURDETT

JOHN WILKES

That Devil Wilkes. By Raymond Postgate. Constable. 14s.

THE life of Wilkes, which has attracted several pens, is stimulating to thought and reflection, and in Mr. Postgate's competent hands it is very thoroughly set before us. His book is the fruit of some years of study, it is well documented and well written. If

it errs, it is in its air of presenting us with a chapter of history, whereas it is really a page of history torn from its context. Mr. Raymond Postgate is a son-in-law of Mr. George Lansbury, and it is plain in his book that he regards "that Devil Wilkes"—an expletive of George III's—as a pioneer of the people's cause, and perhaps of the Labour movement.

This naturally commends the man to this author. It does not induce him to suppress any of the unsavoury details of Wilkes's life, but it does influence him in their presentment. We might suppose that they were the ordinary incidents of a life in those days, and nothing particularly blameworthy. Certainly any such seaching examination as this of a corner of the public life of those days shows us how low was the standard of public morals. In the Hell-Fire club, where the Medmenham monks indulged in orgies of indiscriminate and comprehensive vice, Wilkes had for companions men like Sandwich and Dashwood, who afterwards were in high place. England owed something to Pitt over and above his statecraft, for it was he more than any other who presently lifted our public life out of a stinking atmosphere into a current of fresher air. His addiction to port, which does not escape a gibe from Mr. Postgate, was a small matter by comparison, especially as Pitt had a head which enabled him to carry his port.

There is just one other nuance in the author's attitude which differentiates it from that of the balanced historian. In what is written of the corrupt action of the parties during George III's reign and the cynical immorality of their intrigues there peeps out now and again a jealousy of men called gentlemen, and of any who were regarded as belonging to a privileged class. There is, in short, a trifle of class feeling, though it does not spoil the picture; indeed, it gives it some piquancy. Thus, Pitt and Horace Walpole, both of whom saw Wilkes with clearer eyes than ours, come in for some hard knocks, because their testimony is rather damaging to any view of Wilkes as a man of principle. Yet even with his slight bias, the author is fair-minded enough to admit that the truest thing ever said of Wilkes was that "accident made him a patriot." The patriot himself, by the way, belonged to a privileged middle class, like many others who have fought for the people's cause. His father was a wealthy distiller; he got property from his first wife, and when his means failed he did not allow such a trivial circumstance to affect his generous scale of living, his debts being paid by his grateful admirers to the tune of many thousand pounds.

His prosecution had a two-fold advantage, though it was little expected. It not only resulted in the abolition of the dangerous and tyrannical form of arrest under a general warrant, but first established the right of the Press to discuss public affairs. After his return from France, whither he absconded in fear of Grenville's malicious action over the obscene 'Essay on Woman,' the rights of constituencies to choose their own members were advanced by the flouting of the Middlesex electors when they returned him again to Parliament. And during the agitation the practice of public meeting for political purposes was begun. These causes were, of course, carried further by others. The rights of the Press, for instance, owed a good deal a few years later to Junius, who is not mentioned by Mr. Postgate, and to the magistrates of London. But Wilkes was the forerunner. He was the accident, the instance, the raw material of Parliamentary reform.

And this protagonist of the people's rights had no moral qualities whatever for the rôle, for although he was ready to show courage in a duel, he was not ready to risk too long a term of imprisonment. He had consummate impudence, which was his best friend, and a ready and a witty tongue. His wit generally

flashed out in moments of excitement and some of his repartees are remembered to-day. His talk at other times, as Walpole said, was "only the grossest bawdy." He lived with doxies most of his life, and there is not any evidence of the "charm" which Mr. Postgate ascribes to him.

He fleers at us out of Hogarth's cartoon, whether or not it was drawn in malice, as the lewd, squinting fellow that he was. But he remains an interesting and picturesque figure, and he represented very effectively the City of London in days when the people lived there instead of in suburbs. He obtained, at last, as a consolation prize, the post of City Chamberlain, so that when the Lord George Gordon rioters set the City in flames they were attacking his as well as other interests. He helped in the work of suppression, defended the Bank of England, and himself killed several rioters, after which, as our author says, he abandoned almost every form of political agitation. "He who had been the most active of all politicians suddenly became wholly inert."

A. P. NICHOLSON

A PROVINCIAL FANNY BURNEY

Retrospections of Dorothea Herbert (1770-1806).
2 vols. Howe. 7s. 6d. each vol.

TO compare Dolly Herbert with Fanny Burney would perhaps be a trifle unfair to both of them. Fanny had the advantage not only of native genius but of life in the metropolis and able tuition into the bargain, while Dolly and her sisters lived nearly all their lives in a remote county of Southern Ireland, where the opportunities for education were limited to "Mrs. Charles, an Anglo-French governess—Signor Tassoni, an itinerant dancing master, and Monsieur Dabard, a blind, drunken French music master," and "an old Spinnet with about half a dozen tuneful keys." With this equipment they thought that they had nothing to do but "receive the last polish to our educations." Even allowing for a certain touching up of the facts in order to make her point, there does not seem to have been much opportunity for gaining those accomplishments which were the pride and envy of all young ladies of those days.

Nevertheless, Dolly was not to be beaten. Her immense nervous energy carried her over all difficulties. She did everything. She painted, acted, composed poetry, and danced. She learned the harpsichord so well that a new and very fine one was bought specially for her. Indeed, we, who talk with a certain self-satisfaction of the rush and bustle of modern life can hardly conceive how busy Miss Dolly Herbert and her family must have been romping, giving vast entertainments, visiting and being visited. Seen through her eyes the life in her father's house at Carrick-on-Suir may appear more boisterous than it was, but there is little doubt that nine very excitable children and a legion of cousins, aunts, uncles, and intimate friends did not make for quietness.

The first volume ends at the point when Dolly knows that her heart is lost for ever. The second is almost entirely about her faithless lover, John Roe, of Rockwell. She never married him and there is no real evidence that he behaved badly to her, but she chose to consider that she was spiritually his wife, and even signs herself Dorothea Roe. There is ample evidence in the early chapters that her reason might have been overpowered by some disaster or other, but the account of her unlucky love affair makes it clear that this was only the immediate cause, while the tithe riots, the murder of her brother's steward, followed by the deaths of both her father and

favourite brother all contributed to overbalance her by no means stable temper.

The manuscript passed, on Dorothea's death in 1829, to her youngest brother Nicholas, who left it to his nephew, Nicholas Herbert Mandeville. Since then it has been in the possession of the Mandeville family. Nothing seems to have survived of her work but these "retrospections," though on the title page (reproduced in the present edition) she mentions four volumes—Poems, Plays, Novels, and these Retrospections. Of the numerous illustrations that embellish the manuscript only three are reproduced. A family tree has been added, and an index of names, while the end-papers of the first volume are reproductions of the manuscript, slightly reduced.

D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. Lawrence: A First Study. By Stephen Potter. Cape. 5s.

MR. POTTER comes to Lawrence not as a contemporary or a friend, but as one of that younger generation to whom D. H. Lawrence has been a spiritual father much as Mr. Bernard Shaw was spiritual father to a generation before the war. Thus he looks on the essentials of Lawrence with, perhaps, a clearer eye than most of the horde of recent newspaper obituarists, appreciators and detractors who were mainly Lawrence's contemporaries. Rightly, he dismisses Lawrence's philosophy as not of the essence of his greatness and concentrates on the experiences which Lawrence, as an autobiographical novelist, reveals so clearly in novel after novel from 'The White Peacock' to 'The Plumed Serpent' and in his creation of "the Lawrence world." On these he thinks acutely and writes well.

It is refreshing to find someone disdaining those hard-beaten false trails of Lawrence's "sex obsession," his "sacrifice of art to sex teaching," his position as "the Novelist of Psycho-analysis." "Life," wrote Lawrence exactly a year ago in a preface for his last novel, "is only bearable when the mind and body are in harmony, and there is a natural balance between them, and each has a natural respect for the other." He was fighting against sex in the head, for an understanding and experience of sex that should lead on to something greater; and the combination of having new statements on sex to put down and emphasizing the "unconscious" as the chief force behind events in his novels confused a half-reading, mainly hearsay public into picturing Lawrence as a monstrous Freud in fiction.

All this Mr. Potter dumps on its fitting rubbish heap, and he leaves his hatreds, his two-world philosophy of divine "endarkenment" to consider Lawrence as what, after all, can only make him great—a novelist creator. A Lawrence character may at once be recognizable as a dweller in the Lawrence world, but it is a new world and the character is seldom in the flat. He acts according to his—or more often her—own needs, even if created in the image of Lawrence, and whatever thing it may be that Lawrence writes of—a woman, a savage, a tree, a fish—he brings out its essence in a way of surprising force and originality.

The value of the experiences revealed through these characters is—to those who will accept it—unique and enriching. It surely justifies Mr. Potter's conclusion that to him

and to many thousands he is the greatest living writer of this generation, who has had the power, in a sense which separates him from all his contemporaries, to create a world.

These words were written before the news of Lawrence's death, but that was the death of the body. "Is" and "living" are justly unchanged.

A GREAT VICTORIAN PAINTER

The Life of Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.
By Hilda Orchardson Gray. Hutchinson 21s.

THOUSANDS of Londoners and visitors to London are familiar with the painting of 'Napoleon on the Bellerophon' in the Tate Gallery, and (in reproduction, at any rate) with other works such as 'Mariage de Convenience' or 'Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' by this illustrious painter of the last century. He did not die until 1910, but those people must be few to-day who can know what a delightful, witty and courteous man he was. Mrs. Hilda Orchardson Gray has performed a very real service by writing for this generation so comprehensively and sympathetically of her father's life. She offers no criticism of his work: "I love it all as I love the man; neither of them quite perfect, but both very nearly so." A note by Mrs. Andrews at the beginning gives a vivid impression in little of the man who emerges throughout the book from his letters, his habits as they appeared to his friends and his family, and his sayings and their expression: "Sitting in the atmosphere of an ordinary breakfast table, his entrance made one's faculties alert. At once commonplace remarks or acts were taken up, they were whimsically tossed about, assuming different laughable shapes and meanings. . . . His movements, like his talk, had an exquisite deference, delicacy and precision. With all his charm there was nothing of the fop about him. . . . His speech, his movements, his dress were the natural expression of himself."

In his early youth he intended to be an explorer, and when asked why he gave up the idea he said: "Oh! well! I had to paint, you know. . . . I chose to explore, yet I had to paint. You see there are some things one must do." He tried writing, too, and produced a number of youthful poems, some of which, quoted in the book, are charming. One of them ends: "For after all I do prefer the city," and this remained true of him to the end of his life. Landscape in his paintings was scarcely ever an end in itself, though in some it plays an important part as background, and when it does so it is always admirably related to the other elements in the painting; and several of the letters tell of how he is off to the country "to get some sketches for a new picture." He was also often in the country for fishing, which was, apparently, almost a passion with him.

His opinions were never hesitating and were always lasting. "Character" (i.e., in his paintings) "I must have," he said. Of Dutch art he could "hardly think too highly. Van Dyck very beautiful and fine, Rubens magnificent but coarse and Rembrandt almost beyond praise, second only to Titian." Furthermore, he never lacked "fight." In a letter to his father he wrote: "At first all work is delightful, but when the artist sees a little further he gets tossed about among conflicting ideas, works by fits, and always with disquiet; if he gets through he may begin on firm ground. I speak not of mediocrity—it has a path, smooth, clearly defined and without a shadow, and may be travelled by hundreds both with safety and profit."

He painted many portraits of well-known sitters, including those of Lord Kelvin, the First Lord Swaythling and Professor Sir James Dewar (all reproduced), and he often mystified his sitters by his methods, which were, however, direct and well-defined. His colour was always luminous and lasting.

A lovable personality Orchardson certainly must have had, and one without malice of any sort. It was characteristic of him that he was very fond of quoting Carlyle's description of the population of England: "Forty millions, mostly fools." Probably that was as near to malice as he ever got.

SIR NIGEL AND HIS THEATRE

Hammersmith Hoy. By Nigel Playfair. Faber. 21s.

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR, in this highly entertaining "book of minor revelations," reveals himself as one of Fortune's favourites, and in his case that much underrated goddess displays herself, as, indeed, she so often does, as one who picks her favourites with discretion. For Sir Nigel seems to have seized his opportunities and to have used his luck to the best advantage. Needless to say, as the title of the book foreshadows, we are given the story of the Lyric, Hammersmith, which in the course of a few years has been converted from a derelict theatre in a slum into a shrine of the Muses. And if the Muses are not the austere lovely companions of Apollo, but highly stylized young women masquerading in a *fête-champêtre*, who cares? The world is wide enough and dull enough for a hundred such experiments in art to be compassed and to be welcome.

Before embarking on the story of his great adventure, Sir Nigel tells us of his childhood and youth, of his first independent ventures in life, and of his apprenticeship to the stage, under such managements as those of Tree and Alexander. His father was the famous Dr. Playfair, the most fashionable physician and accoucheur of his day, who brought into the world half the peerage, went everywhere, knew everybody, and was an inveterate first-nighter. Sir Nigel tells us that he was a shy child, shunning company, and inclined to look down upon himself. As a boy, after a fortnight at Winchester, he decided, his house-master in agreement, that he was unfitted for public school life. A year later, making another venture, this time at Harrow, he found life tolerable, mainly because Harrow, unlike Winchester, did give him something of the privacy his anti-herd instinct demanded; and there he spent three happy "if rather undistinguished years." He describes himself at Harrow as a bit of a prig, or, at least, prematurely aged, "feeling that everybody, boys and masters alike were very young and naïve." A bit of self-portraiture, curiously revealing.

It was during his schooldays that Sir Nigel's bent towards the stage was subconsciously established. His father's talk of the theatre at home and abroad, and his own visits to the theatre, some of them, as to the Gaiety, surreptitious, stimulated his inclination, and presently, when he went up to Oxford, to University College, he cut almost everything but the Union and the O.U.D.S. From Oxford, Sir Nigel went to the Bar, but by then the stage had claimed him and he writes far more excitedly of his amateur theatricals than he does of his professional work. His first real link with the stage proper was journalistic, for he wrote theatrical gossip for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Then came the final plunge, a part offered by Arthur Bouchier and contrary, as at that time was generally the case, to his parents' wishes, young Playfair went on the stage. But if Dr. Playfair grieved, he still continued his son's allowance. Of his career as an actor prior to the Lyric adventure, Sir Nigel writes very modestly. He was, however, a sound actor, with a very real sense of character, and one has a very pleasant recollection of him, notably in 'The Big Drum,' with the illuminating catch phrase, "Well, I mean to say—."

It is, however, by the Lyric, Hammersmith, and all that it stands for that Sir Nigel must be judged, and it is to his story of that remarkable adventure that the post-war playgoer will turn with the keenest interest. Sir Nigel has told the tale before, but neither so fully nor so satisfactorily as here; for since he last wrote much has been done there; and still the serial goes on and on; to be, one hopes, continu-

ally "continued in our next." The Lyric productions have been varied enough, but a certain character has been given to them all which has drawn a particularly kind of audience, incalculable as all audiences are, but still peculiar to this theatre, and betraying in its likes and dislikes an unusual connoisseurship of literary style. 'The Beggars' Opera' and 'The Way of the World' have been the outstanding successes. 'Crummles' on the other hand, one of the most brilliantly funny things ever staged, failed to attract; and so, Sir Nigel tells us, did 'La Vie Parisienne,' one of the gayest, if not, indeed, the gayest *opéra bouffe* that ever came to town. Then again the Lyric audience does not care for Shakespeare. It is, in a way, a period audience, looking, one feels, at the stage through a quizzing-glass, with its ears attuned to harpsichord and viol da gamba, and its mind alert to the formal phrase and the polished wit of a non-romantic age. Sir Nigel is frankly puzzled by it, as well he may be, but he has every right also to be proud of it, for it is his creation. Lack of space alone prevents mention of all the Lyric productions, and of all the artists of the theatre that have been engaged in them; but a line must be given to 'She Stoops to Conquer,' if only for the fact that it introduced us to a Tony Lumpkin, the memory of which is a perennial delight.

Incidentally to the story of his life and adventures, Sir Nigel has good stories to tell of a hundred distinguished men and women whom he has known and of whom he gives us admirable little character sketches. The book is charmingly illustrated.

THE RAMSHACKLE EMPIRE

Fragments of a Political Diary. By Joseph M. Baernreither. Edited by J. Redlich. Macmillan. 16s.

SINCE the Austro-Hungarian monarchy went into dissolution in the autumn of 1918, there has been, anyhow in England, a general inclination to deplore its fate. The faults and failings of the dear departed pass naturally out of mind. The far from impeccable conduct of the living inheritors is ever before the

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eyes to create or to intensify regrets for the former state of things. In this diary of an Austrian statesman, covering the half-dozen years before the war, is material on which a juster estimate may be based. Its pages do, indeed, suggest that the dual monarchy could, with wiser statesmanship, have been converted into a magnificent success. Only, they prove with complete clarity that at almost every crisis the required statesmanship, if not lacking, was burked by the personages in control.

Herr Baernreither for a few months held the Trade portfolio in the Ministry of Count Thun. Normally, however, his political labours were directed to the single end of bettering relations between the two ruling races on the one side and the Slavic peoples on the other. As a German from Bohemia who possessed the respect and confidence of the Czech leaders, he was admirably fitted for the task. Always and everywhere, his best laid designs were upset by the forces of folly. After Bosnia had been annexed, the importance of reaching some settlement with Serbia ought to have been patent. Though Aehrenthal, his Jewish blood aiding him, had managed the annexation with much more skill than was commonly displayed by any servant of the Hapsburgs, Europe's suspicions were aroused. While the Serbs were obviously troublesome, grounds had been given for surmising that they were restive under considerable, if cunning, provocation.

This impression was immensely deepened when the Agram trials exposed the Vienna foreign office bringing idiotic accusations against the whole Southern Slav race on the strength of forged documents. Later, when Slavic pride had been filled by victories in the Balkans, there was no change of method. The authorities, as Herr Baernreither wrote, met the new situation with the same "militarist-police regime" that had been employed more than half a century before in Lombardy. If the ambitions of Belgrade had now swollen beyond the point at which they could reasonably be satisfied, it would still have been possible to conciliate the Croat subjects of Francis Joseph. As time has demonstrated, the links between them and the Serbs are friable, yet if some sort of union was, as Herr Baernreither judged, eventually inevitable, it might well have taken place under the Hapsburg crowns. The Croats had once been loyal enough. Under tactful treatment, their aspirations could yet have been gratified. And, considering the stages of culture respectively attained by the two peoples, the Croats might have been expected to lead, the Serbs to follow. There was a chance to show on the large scale that a European State based on a principle beyond that of mere nationality could exist and flourish.

The way was blocked by the feebleness of the ruling clique in Austria and by the narrow chauvinism of the Magyars. The entries in this volume are an almost continuous record of stupidities committed within the writer's observation. By the spring of 1914 he had virtually lost hope and spoke of "an atmosphere surrounding the Emperor which prevents any ray of reality from getting through to him." Berchtold, to whom German apologists allot whatever fraction of war guiltiness they will spare the Entente, he dismissed as "vacillating, without any opinion of his own." Months earlier he had written: "Behind Berchtold's policy is Tisza, always." A Balkan Minister, who was a shrewd judge of events and men, pronounced Tisza the strongest man in Central Europe. Unfortunately, the Hungarian leader could never see anything beyond the boundaries of Hungary, never conceive an interest more important than Magyar hegemony therein. Friends of his country who would have it restored at expense of adjacent nations will find

nothing helpful to their propaganda in this book. A certain regret for the downfall of the dual monarchy persists after reading Herr Baernreither's chronicle, but none for the humbling of its proudest and purblind component.

D. W.

LA DUSE

Eleonora Duse. By E. A. Rheinhardt. Secker. 16s.

TWO great figures of the stage have appeared in our time, Nijinsky and La Duse, in whom perfect mastery of the resources of their art had sunk so deep that they were unconscious of the means by which they obtained their effects, and were able to dispense with the ordinary adjuncts. The art of Nijinsky was the more astounding, that of La Duse fuller, richer, appealing to a wider range of emotion and intellect. His art was physical with a basis of intellect, hers was the radiation of a shining personality, of a woman whose sorrows and short-lived joys were the material from which she built up the character she set before us.

It is doubtful whether anyone is justified in setting down for the public at large an account of the more intimate details of these sorrows. It was her misfortune, at a critical time of her life, to fall under the influence of a poet, a novelist and a cad, who, when the moment of attraction had passed, dug up the bones of their love to make soup of them. Herr Rheinhardt has no such infamy on his blazon, but one cannot acquit him of too great insistence on episodes in the career of La Duse, and of too little care in recording the stages of her triumph. Will it be believed that writing of her visit to London in 1923 he says, "She acted before the London public at last. . . ." As a rule no dates are given, but in this the author follows the example of most other writers on the subject. One cannot, however, acquit the translators for not adding a note on the subject of Duse's visits to London, especially mentioning the wonderful time when she and the great Sarah were playing the same parts on alternate nights.

It is some consolation for advancing years to have been old enough to see the opening of 'La Gioconda' and the quiet emergence of the great actress from the background, to have followed the conflict between Magda and her father, to have heard the despairing cry of "Armand, Armand," to have laughed with 'La Locandiera' and shuddered at Santuzza, and to have run through the scale of human emotions in half a hundred other situations as she played. Any tribute to her memory engenders warmest sympathy, and this book is the product of a genuine worship of the greatest female figure of the stage in our time. It derives its authority from the sincerity of its author's admiration, and it may inspire a better-balanced and more complete study.

A GREAT PREMIER

Lord Melbourne. By Bertram Newman. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

GLADSTONE once regretted that we know so little about Lord Melbourne, and remarked that in two of the chief functions of a Prime Minister he was perfect—in his relations with his Sovereign and his colleagues in the Cabinet. But the lament is not quite true. In virtue of his office and his achievement, Melbourne is better remembered than the melancholy Graham and the charming Herbert, who were too

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timid to get to the top; it is only in comparison with Pitt and Peel and Gladstone himself that Melbourne remains rather a shadowy figure. The truth probably is that the Whigs forgot to canonize him, because he was not one of the sacred oligarchy, and the Tories could not find it in their heart to abuse him, because he was too amiable and easy-going. Brougham, it is true, vilified him when Melbourne left that untrustworthy genius out of the Cabinet, but what Brougham said when he was no longer Lord Chancellor does not matter.

Melbourne's reputation, then, has suffered because nobody bothered either to blacken or whitewash him; he was simply ignored and gradually forgotten. But he was by no means an insignificant title-hunter like Goderich or a piece of antiquated imbecility like Aberdeen; he was, in effect, a cool and shrewd statesman who knew that reform did not mean revolution, and who retained a belief in religious toleration in spite of an odd interest in theology. His biography was quite worth writing, and the author has done his work well and without any straining after effect; only in one place, indeed, does he fall into the usual temptation of exaggerating the capacity of his subject. It can hardly be said that Melbourne was mentally superior to all his colleagues; his Cabinet, after all, contained Palmerston and Russell.

But this is, after all, a small point, and the new Life of Melbourne will be found well worth reading by those who do not want the trouble of turning up the Torrens Papers or the political and social records of the reign of William IV.

SEA STORIES

Ships that Pass. By R. L. Dearden. Heath Cranton. 6s.

THIS series of short stories by a retired naval commander, though of no exceptionally outstanding merit, may be described as "nice" and as possessing, to atone somewhat for his vaguely irritating reserve, a sufficiently sustained interest of plot to make one wish to carry on with it, lulled into a disinclination for hair-splitting criticisms by the realism of the atmosphere.

Flashes of local colour form a background wherein the technical, so cunningly interwoven with the human, element will send a warm glow of recollection to those who have "swallowed the anchor" and at the same time are not beyond the comprehensive interest of the lay reader.

On the other hand, we are introduced to admittedly hardcase masters and mates who seem, without exception, to be nature's gentlemen in speech as well as in thought and deed, a rather unnatural state of affairs for the clipper ship era where in most cases a stream of tobacco juice followed by an unprintable epithet was sufficient to sum up a complete situation or conclude an argument. There was very little of the "By your leave—pardon me—die for your shipmate" attitude about those tough old days, that was given verbal expression.

Again, there are expressions and turns of phrases here and there which are not quite in tune with the element in which they are couched. Whether "albatrosses" is a grammatically correct plural or not for this bird, no sailor ever alludes to its numbers in anything but the singular. He does not, in fact, ever say anything a longer way round than he can help, an instance of which is to be found in Big Jackson's order to "Coil your ropes up" where nine out of ten seasoned shellbacks of his description would have said simply, "Coil down." Such lapses, however, intentional or otherwise, do not interfere with the collection as a very agreeable whole.

SHORTER NOTICES

Moorland Terror. By Hugh Broadbridge. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THERE is nothing strikingly original about this story, either in the plot or in the incidental situations. In fact it is all rather transparent, but, in this case, that is more of an asset than a fault. Briefly, it is the story of a private war between a kindly, charming scientist living with his niece, and a brutal neighbour. The bone of contention is the peace of a bird sanctuary adjoining the two estates. The setting—somewhere in the West Country. The Professor takes steps to protect his property and open war is declared. After a few harmless preliminary skirmishes the affair takes on a more serious aspect and terror stalks through the silent woods, invading the sanctuary and seriously affecting the Professor's health. There is the inevitable love interest, delicately touched in but with nothing of the sickly sentimental about it. It is a simple, delightfully refreshing story, full of quiet humour and good taste. The author is to be congratulated on a splendid first novel.

Tent Folk of the Far North. By Ester B. Nordström. Translated from the Swedish by E. Gee Nash. Jenkins. 12s. 6d.

MISS ESTER BLEND A NORDSTROM is a lady of great courage. Her book describes her work in a summer school for Lapp children, established by the Government in Swedish Lapland. To get there she had to make a terrible journey in reindeer sledges through blinding snowstorms lasting for days on end with only the shelter of collapsible tents at night, and the school, when she reached it, was such that only



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the most interested and sympathetic teacher could have endured. She entered into the lives of the children and the people in that short summer—autumn seemed to come almost immediately after the buds had opened—into their work, their hunting, their fun and their most depressing religion, which appeared to denounce their natural and primitive plain-song, joik singing, as un-Christian. Indeed, anything—laughter, gay clothes, ornaments, as well as singing—appeared to be sinful: still, neither the austerities of this creed nor the barrenness of nature could control the spirits of youth when the very sunlight and crisp air inspired them to break forth into singing.

More's 'Utopia' and his Social Teaching. By W. E. Campbell. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

THE one thing about the 'Utopia' which has never been finally agreed on is the question as to how far More approved of the constitution he there described. Did he write the book as a criticism of the state of affairs in England, as a serious suggestion for a remedy, or in pure light-heartedness? Mr. Campbell propounds the solution that the part assigned to Hythloday was to make the best possible case for root and branch reform of existing conditions, but that only the words put in the mouth of the interlocutor represent More's own opinions. For the rest the book is a very temperate account of the official Roman Catholic position in the discussion of social questions.

Public Assistance. By Geoffrey Drage. Murray. 15s.

IN view of the recent legislation which is changing the whole administration of public assistance, it is highly important that tax-payers and rate-payers, which includes everybody, should see that the evils of the past are not repeated or continued. Mr. Drage has been engaged in the study of and the plea for economy and efficiency in this branch of administration for many years and has been chairman of a most influential committee which presented a petition to the Government. In this book he has collected in Part I a number of articles which have already appeared in magazines, and in Part II letters to *The Times*, government offices, etc., which exhibit an enormous amount of effort. An historian in *The Times* described them as "a most terrible indictment of national policy . . . never answered for the simple reason that they are unanswerable." There is no excuse for wanton waste in administration; it benefits no one and harms everyone. In countries with other traditions, where public servants take, and are expected to take, large slices out of public funds for their own use, at least someone is benefited, and when he has enough, or other people think he has, he either retires or is removed. Nothing of that kind is suggested here; it is mere crass incompetence and cynical recklessness and disregard of their prime duty. It is certain that any business conducted in such a way would be rapidly bankrupt and the directors would find themselves liable to a more serious indictment even than this.

The Three Marys. By Frederick Niven. Collins. 7s. 6d.

HERE is a charming story, clean-cut, well told and innocent alike of improbability and drabness. It is the life-story of a painter, Robert Barclay, whose beginnings are so inauspicious as to breed in the reader a certain dread of what is to follow. These misgivings melt away rapidly in well-founded suspicions that the child is not going from bad to worse, but is destined for high achievement. The author has a first-class, natural ability for story-telling. He is in sympathy with his hero, much more than with Robert Barclay's successive loves—the Three Marys of the title. But he writes impartially of all his characters and now and again

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delivers himself of a short sentence into which a whole paragraph of character-drawing is compressed. The dialogue is, throughout the book, always adequate and is to be remembered for its grateful lack of scintillation—that scintillation that leaves “real-life” readers with a sense of personal tiredness and depression caused by the inevitable reflection that conversation, as they know it and make it, is never so perpetually brilliant. Many will feel that the last-page climax of the book is unnecessary. But it is a simple matter to ignore the author's stratagem, and to picture Robert Barclay arriving in London to begin his “Fourth Period”—Maryless, in all probability; interesting, in all certainty.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 421

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, April 17)

TWO SONS OF ABRAHAM I HERE UNITE;
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THAT OTHER TAUGHT THE LORE OF ROD AND LINE.

1. Clip fore and aft a numeral up to nine.
2. Curtail what pepper may provoke or snuff.
3. Just a mere shapeless mass of living stuff.
4. Things to be done when Chairman's called a meeting.
5. His crazy notions, sir, will need some beating.
6. From want of amplitude a headland take.
7. Her Amram's fluent son his wife did make.
8. None in the world more fearful than your lion.
9. Who skilled as he in all the lore of Zion?
10. From devil-fish the surplus matter part.
11. In spring our feathered friends have this at heart.

Solution of Acrostic No. 419

F	a	Bric	1	Reseda odorata is Mignonette.
R	esed	A ¹	2	"Upon the Roaring of a Beast in the
I	saa	C		Wood, a Mouse ran presently out to see
BE	nefact	Or		what News: and what was it, but a
D	ust-bi	N		Lion Hamper'd in a Net. This Accident
W	istari	A		brought to her mind, how that she her
H	erdsma	N		self, but some few Days before, had
I	nsipi	D		fall'n under the Paw of a certain
T	abernacl	E		Generous Lion, that let her go again.
I	cin	G		Upon a Strict Enquiry into the Matter,
N	ibblin	G ^W		she found This to be That very Lion;
G	oddes	S		and so set her self presently to Work
				upon the Couplings of the Net, Gnaw'd
				the Threds to pieces, and in Gratitude
				Deliver'd her Preserver.
				Sir Roger L'Estrange, <i>Æsop's Fables</i> .

ACROSTIC NO. 419.—The winner is Lt.-Colonel G. D. Symonds, Ileden House, Kingston, nr. Canterbury, who has selected as his prize 'Forest Life and Adventures in the Malay Archipelago,' by Dr. Eric Mjöberg, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed by us on March 29 under the title 'A Naturalist's Paradise.' Twenty-three other competitors chose this book, sixteen named Emil Ludwig's 'Lincoln,' fourteen Hilaire Belloc's 'Richelieu,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Coque, Dhualt, D. L., Ursula D'Ot, M. East, Falcon, Fossil, Gay, D. L. Haldane-Porter, Iago, Lillian, Mrs. Lole, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Katharine Moloney, N. O. Sellam, Peter, R. M. S., M. C. S., Scott, Shorwell, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Boote, Boris, C. C. J., Ceyx, Clam, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Glamis, T. Hartland, James, Jop, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, M. Overton, Margaret Owen, Polamar, Rabbits, Rand, Raven, Rho Kappa, Sisyphus, Stucco.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Aron, E. Barrett, Bertram R. Carter, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, Reginald P. Eccles, Jeff, J. F. Maxwell, F. M. Petty, Mrs. Waddell, W. P. J. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 25 solvers; Light 12, 13; Lights 4 and 9, 4; Light 1, 3; Light 11, 2; Lights 5 and 7, 1.

Light 6.—Wistaria is the correct spelling. The plant was so named after Professor Wistar, of the University of Pennsylvania.

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THE APRIL MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for April contains Mr. Evelyn Waugh's essay on Travel written in his quite personal manner. An understanding paper on 'The Black Man's Gods' tells of the tribal worship of the Iramba: Miss Grierson revives the memory of the novels of Miss Yonge; Mr. Demaison tells an elephant story; Mr. Church and Miss Greene contribute verse; Mrs. Gwynn ranges over three continents and comes to rest on an appreciation of D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Belloc puts 'The Effects of High Taxation' in an almost diagrammatic form. 'Religious Persecution in Russia' is shown to be no new thing.

The *Nineteenth* opens with a galaxy of brilliant names. After them comes Miss Sharp with an account of Mrs. Pankhurst's work for Militant Suffrage; Major Parkes tells of the court of summary jurisdiction in the Rhineland and the puzzle it presented to German lawyers; Captain Hichens tells how an airman forced to descend in a Central African bush should behave to ensure his safety; Miss Waddell translates charmingly the legend of 'Pelagia of Antioch,' another Thais; and Mr. Humbert Wolfe pays fitting tribute to the poetry of D. H. Lawrence.

The *London Mercury* remarks in its Editorial Notes on the insensitiveness of Lord Balfour to the Fine Arts. It is true that he wrote nothing about them, but he was keenly sensitive to the late Beethoven, and he bought freely when he liked a picture. The claims for the new Sadler's Wells are renewed. Miss Mordaunt's version of 'The Brushwood Boy' is original and well worked out; Mr. T. R. Hughes describes the career of John Scott, an "Editor Author and Critic" who was killed in a duel in 1821. There are two sympathetic articles on Charles Scott Moncrieff as a translator and D. H. Lawrence as a novelist. Among the *Chronicles* is one on 'Broadcasting'—critical, but properly appreciative of the superiority of the B.B.C. over Continental stations.

Life and Letters opens with a sketch by Mr. Aldous Huxley and a study of the reverse side of a shady and

successful financier; Miss D. Powell writes on 'D. H. Lawrence: the Moralist'; and a further selection of aphorisms by Mr. Pearsall Smith, is called 'Afterthoughts.'

The *National Review* prints Mr. Baldwin's tribute to Lord Milner as its first article. Mr. E. H. Blakeney recalls the glories and humours of 'Cambridge in the Eighties'; Mr. Hedlam describes some ancient victories and defeats in salmon and trout-fishing; Mr. Pendrill revives for us some of the ancient glories of the Adelphi in 'John Street and Burleigh Street'; Miss Ingram tells of watching eagles, vultures, and other birds in the Transvaal; Mr. Frazier recounts an incident of the war in Bulgaria; and Mr. Dobrée writes on 'Modern Poetry.'

Blackwood contains a just tribute to Charles Whibley; a memory of Sir Walter Scott's semi-military exploits; a story of an alchemist by Jan Gordon; a day in the life of an amateur rider to hounds, by Miss Margaret Ashworth; and some other first-rate papers together with the continuation of the exciting '1957.' An excellent number.

Cornhill contains papers on Soames Forsyte as he develops under Mr. Galsworthy's hand; on Robert Browning as he was known to "Rowland Grey"; on a new and untapped source of radium which reads like truth; and on 'Cardinal Wolsey' by Sir John Marriott. The *Fiction* includes another of Miss Mitchison's reconstructions of Greek life. A very good number.

The *English Review* in addition to its political articles has papers by General Grant on Marshal Foch; on the question of legal costs; on fishing in the West country; and on 'The Stage as Rostrum,' together with two quite good stories and some excellent reviews.

The *Empire Review* has papers by Lord Meston, Lieut.-Commander Sir C. D. Burney, by Sir H. Bowden, and Commissioner Lamb. The Canadian National Park and the Seychelles are described, and there are articles on Palestine and on Rubies.

Chambers has good articles on 'Ancient Barns,' 'The Cinderella Service' (The Colonial Office), British Beasts of Chase, The Atlantic Ice-Field, and other subjects, with its usual quota of good fiction.

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There are many slight Morisots at the present exhibition of her work at the Leicester Galleries, such as 'Sur la Terrasse,' 'Sous Bois,' 'Vue de Nice,' sensitive notes "played" with a confident touch. The most ambitious effort is 'Le Cerisier.' In this large picture, the two girls, one on a ladder picking cherries, the other holding a basket, are full of grace and light. The cool, green atmosphere of the orchard is rendered with intense feeling. 'Monsieur Manet et sa Fille,' another *plein air* piece, is not only a valuable record, but an ecstatic piece of painting. In the 'Portrait au Corsage Noir,' the influence of her brother-in-law is particularly marked. The student of impressionism should not miss this exhibition, although Berthe Morisot was but a minor star in a great constellation.

Mrs. Winifred Nicholson shows some thirty pictures in the same gallery. Her work is exquisite in colour, but it suffers from perhaps a wilful lack of form and drawing. Her flower pieces and babies are pleasant chromatic notes, but a picture such as 'St. Ives' is just ludicrous. For delicacy and taste in colour 'White Bunch' and 'Kit's Window' are interesting.

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There is at least one superb picture at the varied and stimulating collection of nineteenth-century French painters at the French Gallery. It is by Fantin Latour, and it exhales the very fragrance and spirit of roses. No one ever painted flowers with such reverence and knowledge as did Fantin Latour. He loved them as a poet might love them, and his devotion was spent in immortalizing their evanescence. In this picture his faultless style is clearly revealed. All the pigment is concentrated on the blooms and leaves. The background, vase, and table are mere stains on the canvas, which throw into admirable relief the main object of the artist's intention.

Of the other pictures some early and later work by Pizzarro affords a useful study in the development of this master. The 'Paysage aux Environs de Londres' is a picture of a train coming towards the spectator, with a suggestion of fields and houses on either side. It was painted in 1871, and is remarkable only in that it is a particularly dull subject for interpretation. 'Matin, la Grange à Eragny,' painted twenty-two years after, shows an entirely different Pizzarro, the artist who, by an original technique and a new vision made his landscapes scintillate with light. His influence is reflected in the adjacent work of André and Henri Martin.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE renewal of speculative activity on Wall Street during the past fortnight has laid a restraining hand on the Gilt-edged market in London, as fears are entertained that should American activity increase, it will lead to a raising of money rates, and cause a fresh efflux of money across the Atlantic. It is suggested that these fears are exaggerated, and that nothing in the nature of a repetition of last year's American boom, lasting for any period, need be anticipated. At the same time, it again becomes necessary to watch the American position. Meanwhile, the shadow of the Budget is restraining business this side, as investors, quite naturally, appear desirous of knowing the methods that Mr. Snowden proposes to employ to raise the many additional millions he will require next year, before entering into fresh commitments. Once the Budget is out of the way, markets should again go ahead, and, as it is believed we are in for a period of cheap money this side, on any substantial setback Gilt-edged securities should be well worth picking up.

THE BIRMINGHAM LOAN

When the Prospectus of the Birmingham Loan was issued, the general opinion inclined to the belief that dealings would open at a minimum price of 1 premium, with the result that the loan was very heavily staggered. The method employed by the issuing houses was not conducive to genuine public subscriptions, inasmuch as no prospectuses were available before 9 o'clock on the morning of the day of issue, and the lists closed at 10.30 a.m. This narrow interval of time precluded large numbers of the public from applying, and, although the issue was very largely over-subscribed, the nature of the subscriptions can be gauged from the fact that at the opening the best price at which the stock could be sold was $\frac{1}{4}$ discount. From this level there has been some recovery, but, even at a slight premium, this Birmingham 5 per cent. Loan appears well worth locking away as a thoroughly sound Gilt-edged issue for permanent investment purposes.

UNILEVER

Last year when it was announced that the Margarine combine had secured the issued ordinary shares of Lever Bros., Limited, it was also stated that the name of the Margarine Union Company, Limited, would be changed to Unilever, Limited, and the Margarine Unie Company to N. V. Unilever. Officially, however, the change of name only took place last week. Shareholders in Unilevers were warned by their chairman last year that the Board proposed to adopt a very conservative attitude as regards dividend distributions, at all events for the current year, but that shareholders might find some compensation from the fact that in due course a new issue would be made on bonus terms to existing holders. In these circumstances, those seeking a thoroughly sound industrial share, showing a low yield at the present price, but offering scope for considerable capital appreciation in the future, should not overlook these Unilever shares at their present level.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Owing to happenings in no way connected with the financial stability or earning capacity of the com-

panies concerned, the shares of the leading newspaper companies are now standing at a very low level. That some of these shares are standing at unjustifiably low levels is illustrated by the report and balance sheet of Sunday Pictorial (1920) Limited for the year ended February 28 last. Shareholders have received 25 per cent. in four quarterly dividends of $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. during the year, and shows a yield in the neighbourhood of 8 per cent. at the present price. The balance sheet denotes a very strong position and shows that goodwill and copyright have been written down by a further £100,000 to £200,000, which compares with the original cost of £749,991.

CHARTERED

After remaining somewhat neglected for some while, indications point to a renewed bout of activity in Rhodesian Mining shares. It has been pointed out in these notes in the past that a considerable element of risk is entailed in purchasing shares of the Northern Rhodesia copper-mining companies; those, however, desirous of taking a hand in this market, but not wishing to involve the risk that a purchase of the shares of the developing companies entails, should not overlook the fact that the British South Africa Company (Chartered) stands to benefit very materially from the exploitation of this field, directly by means of the royalty on all copper produced to which it is entitled and, indirectly, by virtue of its vast interests in Rhodesia, the earning capacity of which must be increased by greater activity in this field.

RUBBER

Although the rubber share market still remains in a somewhat dormant condition, there is a strong undertone which makes the buying of any number of first-class rubber shares a difficult task. The cessation of tapping in May is likely to ameliorate the position, but it would appear that some while must elapse before the effect of this is sufficiently marked on the statistical position to justify an improvement in rubber share values. Meanwhile, those prepared to take the long view should not overlook the potential possibilities of Rubber Trust shares at the present level. This company, in addition to large interests in rubber companies, also has considerable tea interests and substantial holdings of first-class general investment counters.

'STOCK EXCHANGE INTELLIGENCE'

Attention is drawn to the fact that the 1930 edition of the 'Stock Exchange Official Intelligence,' edited by the Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange, and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Company, of 1 New Street Square, E.C.4, has now been issued. The volume will be found indispensable by those desirous of taking an intelligent interest in their investments.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found a report of the Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of Schweppes, Limited, and the Thirty-Third Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris and Johannis, Limited.

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Company Meetings

APOLLINARIS AND JOHANNIS, LTD.

The Thirty-third Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris and Johannis, Ltd., was held on Monday last at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, who presided, said it would be misleading to compare the figures with those dealt with at the last General Meeting, which had covered a period of 9 months only.

If the figures were compared with those of the 12 months ending March 1928, it would be seen that the profits were some £3,300 higher, and were the best that had been attained since the company resumed business after the war.

Since the reconstruction in 1923 no less than £61,326 of Debentures and Deferred Interest Certificates had been redeemed. After deducting the £22,560, as set out in the report, there would be a balance of £96,829 to be brought forward into the new year. These figures proved that steady progress was being made.

He had at previous meetings referred to the high duties in South America, but unfortunately South America did not stand alone in this respect, as during the past year Turkey, Guatemala, Cuba and Egypt among others had increased their tariffs. He thought that he had said enough to convince the shareholders that in these circumstances the starting of a business in aerated waters sold under the name of Presta had been a wise step to take.

In view of the success of this undertaking the board had decided to extend their activities in this direction. A very suitable property had recently been acquired on most favourable terms and it was hoped shortly to commence operations in the North with a second model factory to produce Presta Aerated Waters.

In summing up the position of the business, the chairman said that although the difficulties of the Apollinaris trade in many markets caused some anxiety, the board felt justified in taking an optimistic view of the general position, and he trusted that the steady progress shown by the accounts would encourage them to share the confidence which the directors had in the future of the business.

Mr. F. J. Schilling, the managing director, in seconding the motion, said that the sales in the United States and Canada had continued to improve during the greater part of the year, but, in common with other business, had felt the effect of the financial crisis there in October last.

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously and, the dividend being declared, the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the staff and the chairman.

SCHWEPPE'S, LIMITED

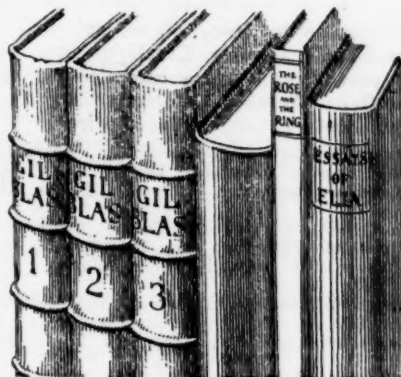
The Thirty-Third Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Schweppes, Limited, was held on Thursday last at Marble Arch House, W.

Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O. (the chairman) said that the gross profit for the year under review was £330,000 against £317,000 for the previous year, and the net profit £180,000 against £172,000, which formed another record for the company. They could congratulate themselves not only on a satisfactory year's trading but also on the splendid balance sheet which they had before them. They were recommending the payment of the same dividend as for the previous year, viz., £9 6s. 3d. per cent. to the ordinary shareholders and 10 per cent. to the deferred shareholders, but he would remind them that in 1928 the deferred shareholders had received a 50 per cent. free issue of shares in place of arrears of dividend, so that they were now receiving 15 per cent. on their original holdings.

The sales of Lemon and Orange Squash and other cordials and cider continued to show a satisfactory increase, although they noticed a tendency on the part of brewers to tie their houses for cider, in certain instances buying up cider manufacturers themselves. They had recently erected a factory in Dublin and now had in contemplation erecting a cordial factory there. They felt sure that by making that change they would add considerably to their trade in the Irish Free State. So far there was every prospect of their doing good business there.

Shareholders would observe at the foot of the profit and loss account a note to the effect that no credit had been taken in the accounts for the profit of the subsidiary companies, but that there had been no losses. Investments in subsidiary companies stood in the books at £132,000. The only subsidiary companies in which they held shares directly were Schweppes (Colonial and Foreign) Ltd., and W. and J. Burrow Ltd. Neither of those companies had paid a dividend during the year under review, but both of them showed small profits for the year. Although they had only two subsidiaries directly shown, Schweppes (Colonial and Foreign) held a controlling interest in Schweppes (Paris), Schweppes (S. Africa) and Schweppes (Transvaal), and a 50 per cent. interest in Schweppes (Belgium). All those companies were working at a profit. All their subsidiaries were of recent formation and the policy of the Board was to build up and strengthen their financial position and to use such profits as they made for that purpose.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.



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